

EXMOOR: THE FRIENDLY WILDERNESS (Illustrated)
AUG 4 1942

COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday
JULY 3, 1942

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE



A COUNTRY HOME: ON THE BORDER OF KENT AND SUSSEX

J. A. Brimble

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XCII. No. 2372.

JULY 3, 1942

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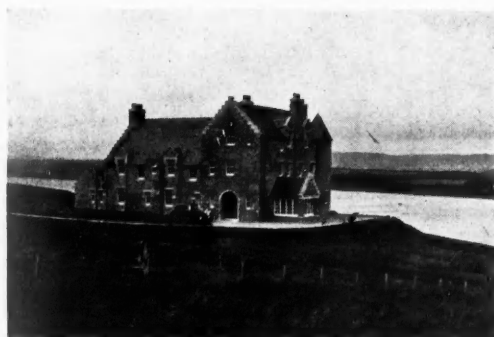
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Hall, 4 reception rooms, Billiards room, 9 principal bedrooms, servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.



Central heating. Companies' electric light and water.

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Tennis and croquet lawn. Kitchen garden. Paddocks.

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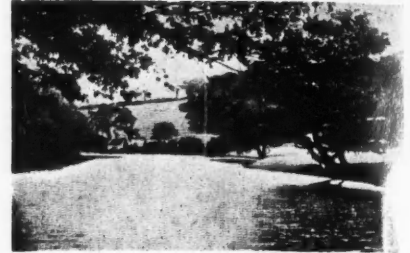
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TOTAL AREA,
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(approximately)

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COTTAGE-RESIDENCE
Standing on high ground.

Known as

"DENBURY,"
CROOKHAM

With 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (4 with basins), 2 bathrooms. Main electric light and water. Garage. Charming grounds, garden and pasture.

4½ ACRES

Will be offered for SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately), at the Offices of the Auctioneers, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1, on WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1942, at 2.30 p.m.

Particulars and Conditions of Sale from the Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1. (Tele.: Mayfair 3316/7.) Solicitors: Messrs. WITHAM AND CO., 15, George Street, London, E.C.4 (Tele.: Man. 6041), and Orchard House, Wargrave, Berks (Tele.: 380).



Telephone
Grosvenor 3121
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

LAND AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS, 48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

JUST AVAILABLE.

SUSSEX

400 ft. up. Sandy soil. 2 miles from a Station.



AN OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge and 4 reception rooms. Main services. Central heating. Stabling. Garages. Cottages. Attractive grounds with rose garden, woodland, parkland, etc.

IN ALL NEARLY 79 ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

Sole Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

GLOS AND WORCS BORDERS

CENTRE OF THE LEBBURY HUNT.

On rising ground with good South views.



A XVth CENTURY RESIDENCE

Restored and in perfect order. 8-9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Every convenience. Hard tennis court and Model Farm, if required.

FOR SALE WITH 12 OR 45 ACRES

Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

LONDON ABOUT 35 MILES. WONDERFUL POSITION 300 FEET UP

1½ miles from a station.

A

MODERNISED TUDOR FARMHOUSE

6 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Domestic offices with Aga cooker. Electric light. Main water. Central heating.

GARAGE. OUTBUILDINGS. COTTAGE (with 3 bedrooms, bathroom and reception room).

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS WITH HARD TENNIS COURT, POND, WOODLAND, ORCHARD, PASTURE AND ARABLE.

IN ALL 28 ACRES

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED, OR FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD
(IMMEDIATE POSSESSION)

Further details and photographs from WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.



KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY



ON THE BEND OF THE HAMBLE RIVER

8 miles from Southampton. 1½ hours from London.

A BEAUTIFUL YACHTING PROPERTY,
looking right down the River Hamble

The Residence, built of brick covered with rough cast and with tiled roof, stands on light sandy soil, faces south, and has a private landing hard with boathouse.

Hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms (7 with basins), 2 bathrooms. Garage for 2 cars.

Part central heating. Co.'s electric light, gas and water. Modern drainage.

THE GARDEN is studded with fine old trees; tennis court, lawns, orchard, kitchen garden, rose garden; flagged terrace, orchid house.

ABOUT 3½ ACRES. TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD.

Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.1. (18,246)

BUCKS AND BEDS BORDERS

Main line Station 3 miles. London 45 miles.

WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE built of brick, in first-rate order throughout and fitted with all modern improvements. It stands about 300 ft. up, approached by a drive.

The House contains entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Companies' electric light and water. Telephone. Modern drainage.

Stabling for 7. Garage for 6 cars. Pair of cottages, each containing 4 rooms.

The GARDENS are delightfully laid out and include lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and grassland.

ABOUT 10 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

(House would be Sold with about 2 Acres). Hunting. Golf.

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (39,345)

MALVERN HILLS

GEORGIAN-STYLE RESIDENCE AND ABOUT 9 ACRES

Occupying a glorious situation 675 ft. up on rock soil, facing South-West with magnificent views of the Welsh Mountains.

THE HOUSE is built of brick with slate roof and stands well back from the road. Halls, 4 reception, 8 bedrooms (5 with basins), 4 bathrooms.

Central heating. Co.'s electric light, power, gas and water. Telephone. Main drainage.

Garage for 3 cars. Stabling. Cottage (6 rooms and bath). Outbuildings.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS, rose garden, large kitchen garden, orchard, paddocks and woodland.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. Hunting. Golf. Polo.

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Telephone:
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20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

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3377

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(Established 1892)

LAND AGENTS—AUCTIONEERS—VALUERS

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Telegraphic Address:
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CLOSE TO READING

Reading 2 miles. Rural position on the hills above the town.

AN OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE

IN PLEASING OLD GARDENS WITH ORCHARD AND MEADOWLAND
Good hall, gentleman's cloakroom, 4 large reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Good offices. Servants' sitting room.

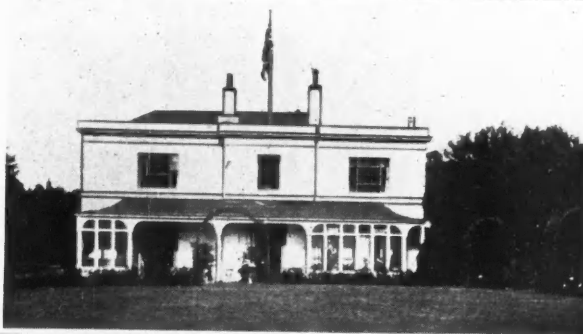
GARDENER'S COTTAGE. GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.
PLEASING OLD-WORLD GARDENS. Tennis court. Kitchen garden. Meadowland.

In all about 6½ ACRES

MAIN WATER. MAIN ELECTRICITY. MAIN GAS.
MAIN DRAINAGE. TELEPHONE.

PRICE £25,000

Apply: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading (Telephone: Reading 4441/2), and 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, London, W.1. (Telephone: Regent 0293 & 3377).



Telephone:
Mayfair 5411.

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30, ST. GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Ipswich

SUITABLE PRIVATE RESIDENCE, GUEST
HOUSE, NURSING HOME OR SCHOOL

COTSWOLDS MANOR HOUSE

2½ miles Station. 17 miles from Oxford.

STONE-BUILT WITH SOUTHERN
ASPECT. Contains: 4 reception, 10 bed-
rooms, bathroom, etc. Electricity. Main
water. Very useful outbuildings including
Garage for 4 cars. LARGE PRODUCTIVE
WALLED-IN GARDEN.

FREEHOLD £3,000

FURTHER BUILDINGS AND MEADOW
ADJOINING COULD BE PURCHASED.
C.4114

CHISLEHURST, KENT

Only 12 miles London. 10 minutes Station.

DELIGHTFUL SMALL RESIDENTIAL
ESTATE. FINE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE.
Contains: 2 reception, billiards room, winter
garden, 8 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.
Central heating. Main services. Picturesque
entrance lodge. Garage for 5 cars and
chauffeur's cottage. 2 A.R. shelters. Cow-
house, etc. LOVELY TIMBERED
GROUNDS, with 2 excellent tennis lawns,
gravelled terraces, lily pool, woodland walks,
paddock. Valuable Prospective Building
Sites, etc., extending to about

13 ACRES

NO TITHE OR LAND TAX. INSPECTED
AND RECOMMENDED. C.4028

WALTON-ON-THAMES SURREY

Close Station whence Waterloo may be reached
in 30 minutes.

CHARMING TUDOR-COTTAGE STYLE
RESIDENCE. Contains: 2 reception,
lounge hall, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.
All on 2 floors. Interior oak beams. Basins
in all bedrooms. All main services. Garage
and outbuildings. BEAUTIFUL MATURED
TIMBERED GROUNDS of about
1½ ACRES.

FREEHOLD £4,750

EARLY POSSESSION.

C.4116



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Telephone: Regent 8222 (Private Branch Exchange)

Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."



FAVOURITE PART OF KENT

Fine situation near open commons. About a mile from the station, with service of fast electric trains to the City and West End.

DISTINCTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE IN THE GEORGIAN STYLE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms (4 with fitted basins), 2 bathrooms, maids' sitting room, good offices.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

2 GARAGES.



Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele: REG. 8222.)

EXCELLENT COTTAGE. OLD-WORLD GROUNDS, CHARMINGLY LAID OUT INCLUDING TENNIS LAWN, FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDENS, WOODLAND INTERSECTED BY A SMALL STREAM, ETC.

ABOUT 2 ACRES IN ALL
PRICE FREEHOLD £4,950

A LETTING MIGHT BE ENTERTAINED.

(K.48,078)

BETWEEN MAIDSTONE and SEVENOAKS

5 minutes from a station.

FOR SALE. GEORGIAN HOUSE



4 reception rooms (one 24 ft. by 20 ft.), 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, maid's sitting room.

Co.'s electric light, gas and water. Main drainage. Central heating. Garage for 2.

Bungalow cottage. Finely matured garden, small stream, tennis lawn, orchard, kitchen garden.

IN ALL ABOUT
2 ACRES

PRICE £2,900 FREEHOLD

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele: REG. 8222.)

(K.21,090)

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY

Very favoured Residential District within a mile of famous Golf Course and 1½ miles of main line station.

PLEASANTLY SITUATED MODERN RESIDENCE

with all main services and central heating.

6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms. Garage.

MATURED GARDEN OF ABOUT 1¼ ACRES

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £3,500, OR WOULD BE SOLD FULLY FURNISHED AT £4,500

Inspection recommended by Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele: REG. 8222.)

(S.50,993)



ESSEX

About 2½ miles from main line at Witham. Bus service.

FOR SALE. THIS DELIGHTFUL VILLAGE HOUSE OF CHARACTER

STANDING 150 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL WITH A PRETTY VIEW.

Drawing room (about 24 ft. by 17 ft.), sitting hall, dining room, 6 bedrooms (one about 22 ft. by 17 ft.), well-fitted bathroom.



Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele: REG. 8222.)

Company's water and electric light. GARAGE. LOVELY GARDENS.

IN ALL ABOUT
2 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £3,200

THIS ATTRACTIVE PROPERTY IS FRESH IN THE MARKET.

(M.45,674)

CHISLEHURST

Amidst pleasant surroundings. ¾ mile from the Station, with good service of trains to London.

CHARMING UP-TO-DATE HOUSE IN THE OLD ENGLISH STYLE,



NICELY SITUATED.

Hall, 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, 2 well-fitted bathrooms. All main services. Central heating. Garage for 2 cars. Loggia. Unusual garden of under ½ Acre, with picturesque lake and other features.

PRICE FREEHOLD
£3,300

Recommended by HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele: REG. 8222.)

(K.48,465.)

SUSSEX

In a village with a short 'bus ride to the Old Market Town of HORSHAM

FOR SALE

THIS CHARMING HOUSE STANDING IN A DELIGHTFUL GARDEN OF 3 ACRES

INCLUDING ORCHARD

6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Garage. Co.'s electric light and water.

PRICE FREEHOLD
£4,750

Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele: REG. 8222.)

(Ref. C.49,434.)



5, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones:
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)
ESTABLISHED 1875

HERTFORDSHIRE

Chorley Wood 3 miles. London 20 miles.
TO LET UNFURNISHED. A MODERN RESIDENCE, 400 ft. up, facing south-east, near the Village Green. 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom. Gas and company's water. Garage and stabling. 2 cottages. Grounds and excellent kitchen garden. Heated glasshouse. Paddock. Gravel soil. **4 ACRES**
Particulars from: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,346)

SUSSEX (between Horsham and Three Bridges). Picturesque Residence recently modernised. 3 reception rooms, 4 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. Main water. Garage. 4 cottages. Delightful grounds, orchard and kitchen garden. Small farm, **40 ACRES.**
FOR SALE.

GLOUCESTER, near Frensham Ponds. **FOR SALE** or **TO LET FURNISHED**, an Attractive Residence. 3 reception rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main water, gas electricity. Garages. 2 cottages. Tennis court. Lawn garden. Paddocks. Lovely grounds. Stream and **25 or 72 ACRES.**

SUSSEX, near Forest Row. **TO LET UNFURNISHED**, a delightfully placed residence approached by a drive to Ashdown Forest. 4 reception, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light. Garage and outbuildings. Owner's cottage. Ornamental grounds and shrubberies. Island and paddocks. **12 ACRES.**

WILTSHIRE

Badminton 5 miles.



AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE in the best part of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt. 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Electric light. Central heating. Garages and extensive stabling. Farmery and 3 cottages. Grounds. Pasture and arable land.

ABOUT 160 ACRES
FOR SALE FREEHOLD
1 mile from fishing in the River Avon. Golf and hunting.
Particulars from: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (10,837)

HERTFORDSHIRE

Near to Station. 40 minutes to London.

A MODERN RESIDENCE. Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

CENTRAL HEATING. COMPANY'S WATER SUPPLY. GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.
Beautiful gardens, tennis court, sunk lawn, lovely rock garden, vegetable garden. In all nearly **2 ACRES.**
Golf near by. **FOR SALE FREEHOLD.**
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,151)

HAMPSHIRE. Adjacent to the New Forest. A Charming Jacobean Manor House. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Main water and electricity. Garages. Grounds. Fine trees. Small stream. Orchard and meadow. **1½ ACRES. FOR SALE OR TO LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.**

SURREY. London 30 minutes. Period Residence. Lounge hall, 3 reception. Billiards room. Excellent offices, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Company's electricity and central heating. Garages. 2 cottages. Attractive pleasure gardens, 2 orchards. Stabling and farm buildings. **6 ACRES.**

KENT. FURNISHED. One of the most beautiful small houses in the County. 4 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Companies' electricity, water. Central heating. Garage. 600 ft. up. Charming gardens, amidst small estate. Views for 60 miles over Kentish Weald.

23, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Telephone:
Grosvenor 1441.

EAST BERKSHIRE

Favourite district, handy for Reading, Ascot, Sunningdale, etc.

MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER.
Beautifully appointed and in first-rate order. Main services. Central heating. 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception. Garage. 2 cottages. Lovely gardens and paddock.

FOR SALE WITH 5 ACRES
Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

SUSSEX BORDER

Under an hour from London.

LOVELY OLD HOUSE AND HOME FARM.
Fine old oak beams, etc. In first-rate order. Main services. 8 bedrooms (basins), 3 bathrooms, 3 reception. Modern farm buildings. 2 cottages.

FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION
Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

LOVELY PART OF SURREY

SINGULARLY CHARMING AND TASTEFULLY APPOINTED HOUSE in a **MAGNIFICENT POSITION, WITH LOVELY VIEWS**, to be let furnished. 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception. Electric light. Central heating, etc. Lovely gardens.

ONLY 12 GNS. PER WEEK
Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

WILTSHIRE

Just over 2 hours from London. High up amidst beautiful country.

OLD-WORLD HOUSE OF SINGULAR CHARM. Stone built and tiled. In lovely gardens of 2 ACRES. 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception. Main electricity, etc. Stabling. Garage. Barn.

ONLY 3,000 GNS. FREEHOLD
Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

FEW MILES SOUTH OF GUILDFORD

Delightful situation, secluded but not isolated.

A JACOBEOAN MANOR HOUSE of charming character to be let furnished. 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception, etc. Main services. Central heating, etc.

VERY REASONABLE RENT
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HERTS

(Near BISHOP'S STORTFORD)

CHARMING XVth CENTURY REPLICA fitted with every modern comfort. 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception. Stabling. Garage. Cottage. Lovely gardens, woods and pasture.

FOR SALE WITH 60 ACRES
Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.



29, Fleet Street,
(Central 9344) E.C.4

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS

26, Dover Street,
(Regent 5681) W.1



Telegraphic Address: FAREBROTHER, LONDON

WALTON HEATH

Within easy reach of Golf Course.

CONVENIENTLY PLANNED MODERN RESIDENCE



7 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, 2 bath rooms, well-fitted domestic offices. All main services. Central heating. Garage. The grounds, consisting of lawns and kitchen garden, extend to about **1 ACRE. FOR SALE FREEHOLD £4,500**

Details from: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.1. (Folio 13,543)

BERKSHIRE DOWNS

½ mile from main line station.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERNISED XVIIIth CENTURY RESIDENCE



3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms. Central heating. Main electric light and water supply. Garage. Hard tennis court. Excellent farm buildings, 3 cottages and bungalow. Well-watered pasture and productive arable lands, the whole extending to about **74 ACRES**

Details from the Owner's Agents: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover Street, W.1. (Folio 13,591.)

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Tel.: EUSTON 7000)

MAPLE & Co., LTD.

Also at
5, GRAFTON STREET,
MAYFAIR, W.1
Telephone:
Regent
4585

NORTHWOOD (MIDDX.)

Situate in very **ATTRACTIVE GARDEN of 1 ACRE**, with tennis court and good kitchen garden. **ATTRACTIVE HOUSE OF PLEASING DESIGN.** Lounge 28 ft. 6 ins. by 14 ft. 6 ins., dining room with oak-panelled walls, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 garages. **PRICE £3,850.**
Agents: MAPLE & Co., as above.

ESHER, SURREY

FOR SALE. CHOICE MODERN HOUSE with lounge hall, drawing, dining and billiards rooms, 6 bedrooms, 5 fine bathrooms. Central heating, etc. Garage 2 cars. **FINE GARDENS, over 1 ACRE.** Apply: MAPLE & Co., as above.

SURREY

In a lovely part of the county, perfectly secluded 750 ft. up with a beautiful view.

TO BE SOLD

A CHOICE COUNTRY PROPERTY

approached by a long drive with lodge at entrance, and situate in very charming gardens, woodland and park-like land, in all about **27 ACRES.** Panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 12 bedrooms, 4 fine bathrooms. Company's electric light, water. Efficient central heating. Good garages, stabling, cottages, all with electric light, etc. **LOVELY OLD GARDEN, YEW HEDGES. VERY PRODUCTIVE KITCHEN GARDEN, ETC.** Strongly recommended by MAPLE & Co., as above.

VALUATIONS

FURNITURE AND EFFECTS
valued for Insurance, Probate, etc.

FURNITURE SALES

Conducted in Town and Country

APPLY—MAPLE & CO.,
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Telephone No.:
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OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET
PICCADILLY, W.1.

WEST SUSSEX

In a delightful position high up, facing south and commanding lovely views.
AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE—INCLUDING A GEORGIAN PERIOD HOUSE



seated amidst parklike surroundings.
3 reception, billiards room, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Electric Light, Main Water, Central Heating.
3 cottages, stabling, delightful gardens and grounds with lake, open-air swimming bath, walled kitchen garden, woodland, parklands and rich water meadows, bounded by a river, in all about 120 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (16,100)

SURREY

About 300 ft. above sea level and close to many well-known Beauty Spots.
Secluded position. South aspect.



CHARMING MODERN HOUSE IN QUEEN ANNE STYLE
Hall, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom.
Main electricity and water. Central heating.
Capital Cottage. Large Garage.
Well-timbered grounds with tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, charming woodland walks, etc., about 4½ ACRES
FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (16,329)

HERTS NEAR BUCKS BORDER

IN DELIGHTFUL UNSPOILT COUNTRY OVER 400 ft. ABOVE SEA LEVEL AND COMMANDING FAR-REACHING VIEWS

Charming House of Character

Formerly a Farmhouse, now reconstructed and modernised at great cost.



Lounge hall, 3 reception, sun parlour, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.
Main electric light and power. Central heating.
Garages. Large Barn.

The pleasure grounds are a special feature and form a delightful setting for the house

The remainder of the land, at present let, is mostly arable, the whole extending to

ABOUT 76 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,329)

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861. 'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

OXON. RIVER FRONTAGE WITH BOATHOUSE

1 hour Paddington, 5 minutes' walk Station and all conveniences.
CHARMING RESIDENCE IN EXCELLENT ORDER. 12 bed and dressing rooms (fitted basins), 2 bathrooms, 3 reception, hall. Main electricity and water. Central heating. "Aga" cooker. Garages. Stable. Delightful grounds. Kitchen garden. Paddock, etc. 6½ ACRES. RECOMMENDED BARGAIN AT £5,500.
Inspected by TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,232)

GUILDFORD 6½ MILES. Rural position. BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED ELIZABETHAN HOUSE. 7 bedrooms (h. & c.), 3 bathrooms, 2 reception. Central heating. Main electricity and water. Garage.

GROUPS, 5 ACRES

Available 10 months or longer.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77 South Audley Street, W.1. (26,764)

SOUTH DEVON. Magnificent views to sea and moors. 1½ miles main line junction station. FOR SALE EXCELLENT MODERN LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE. 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3/4 reception rooms, Main water and electricity. Central heating. Telephone. Garages for 3. Attractive inexpensive gardens. Kitchen garden. Woodland and 15 acres left off, in all 21 acres.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,170.)

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

184, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3. Telephone: KEN. 08 5.

ON THE CHILTERN

PICTURESQUELY SITUATED BETWEEN HIGH WYCOMBE AND THAME.



This BEAUTIFUL GENUINE PERIOD RESIDENCE with its 2 small halls, 3 reception (2 about 20 ft. by 18 ft.), 5 excellent bedrooms, 2 baths.

CENTRAL HEATING.
GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.
LOVELY OLD GARDENS AND PADDOCK OVER 3 ACRES.

A LOVELY OLD HOUSE AND GARDEN, FULL OF CHARM AND BEAUTY.

VACANT POSSESSION. LOW PRICE FREEHOLD

CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

1/6 per line. (Min. 3 lines.)

FOR SALE

DEVON. Attractive Residential Farm with 100 to 200 Acres. Most of the land is let. About 20 Acres and some woodland in hand. A mile of fishing.—Box 84.

HEREFORD—WELSH Borders. An English Country Home, beautifully set overlooking the Welsh Mountains. 6 bed, bathroom, 3 reception. 12 Acres (set in nearly 1,000 Acres). Near bus route for county town. £4,500 or offer. ALSO one or two farms of about 100 Acres in same area.—Mr. STUART HEPBURN, Bryntirion, Hereford. (Phone: 2510.)

SUSSEX. (W.). £4,500. Lovely views, 3½ miles Pulborough. Stone and brick Country House. Panelled lounge hall, 3 reception (1 with Vita glass), 2 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms. Main electricity. 2 garages. Stabling. Cowhouse, etc. Attractive grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden and grassland. 16 ACRES.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (15,651.)

SOUTHBOROUGH, BOURNEMOUTH. Freehold Detached Compact Residence, standing in own grounds, southern aspect, excellent sea views. Comprising: Lounge hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, good boxrooms, bathroom, kitchen and offices. Conservatory. Garage. Outhouses. Well laid-out secluded garden. Quiet residential locality, convenient bus routes and shops. Price £2,500. Write—"H.X." c/o CHARLES BARKER & SONS, LTD., 31, Budge Row, London, E.C.4.

WEST COUNTRY. IDEAL FOR HORTICULTURIST. Would anyone like to solve their war-time problems by living (as part owner) on a small Estate in very beautiful surroundings? Self-supporting. Labour stabilised. Near market town. NOMINAL LIVING COST. SMALL CAPITAL OUTLAY. Congenial occupation if desired.—Box 61.

FLATS AND CHAMBERS

RANELAGH (near). EXCELLENT FURNISHED GROUND FLOOR FLAT. Frequent bus service. About 7 miles West End. Dining room, double bedroom, single bedroom, bathroom. Central heating and every convenience. Well-kept garden. Rent 6 guineas per week. Write—Box 81.

LONDON. Best value in MODERN WEST END FLATS. Attractive short, war-time agreements. Modern fitted kitchens. Air-raid shelters, resident wardens. Steel-frame or reinforced concrete construction. 2 Underground Stations within 1 minute.

RENTS FROM £175 TO £500. PRINCESS COURT, QUEEN'S COURT, QUEENSWAY, HYDE PARK, W.2. Full details from the LETTING OFFICE, 61, QUEENSWAY, W.2. DAYS. 1818.

SHOOTING

DUMFRIESSHIRE. To Let, well-known Moors, HOWCUEGH and NETHER HOWCUEGH, in the parish of CRAWFORD, Dumfriesshire. Particulars—Box 103, R. KNIGHT & SON, Moffat.

WESTMORLAND. APPLEBY CASTLE ESTATE. GROUSE MOORS TO Let in Westmorland (including Moor House, 20,000 Acres, 10 miles from Alston, lodge with resident cook-housekeeper, motor road all the way). ALSO INLAND SHOOTINGS. Full particulars from the Agent, Estate Office, Appleby Castle, Westmorland.

TO LET. Rough Sporting near the following towns:

NEWTOWN (Mont.)	BETTS-Y-COED
FESTINIOG	LLANDILOES
MACHYNLETH	DOLGELLY
RHAYADER	HEREFORD

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TO LET

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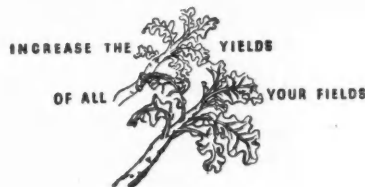
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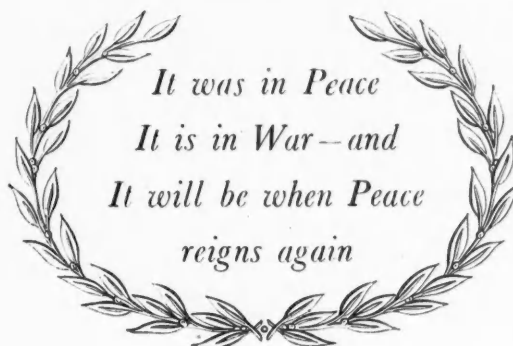
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCII. No. 2372

JULY 3, 1942



Harlip

MISS PATRICIA LYELL

Miss Patricia Lyell, who is in the W.A.A.F., is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Lyell and a cousin of Lord Lyell

COUNTRY LIFE

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MIDDLE WAY

IN discussing recently the post-war reactions between agriculture and industry—particularly as they will be affected by Anglo-American collaboration—we quoted Mr. Harold Butler, now in charge of the British Information Services at Washington, as saying that, for three years past, wide-awake people in the States had been thinking out effective methods of combining the best elements of *laissez faire* and State communism and finding a logical and efficient middle way between them. It is clear that the same problem is exercising good brains on this side of the water, and Lord Reith has done a public service by raising one aspect of it in the House of Lords. The question he raised was the future constitution, control and management of the essential public services, and he maintained that the corporation form of control and management should be adopted for them in preference both to private ownership and to control by Government departments. "Corporation control" is a very live issue in American politics, and over here we have had a good deal of experience of corporations that have secured efficiency without flouting the traditions of democracy. Lord Reith's own successful experience was gained at the B.B.C., but there are many other thriving corporations which have shown, not only how much more efficient is combined control than unrestricted competition, but how much more effective such control can be if it is sheltered from irresponsible political pressure. The Port of London Authority and the London Passenger Transport Board are obvious examples. A similar type of control on a broader scale has been put into the hands of the Electricity and the Coal Commissioners. Lord Reith's chief practical suggestion at the moment is that we should create a National Transport Corporation to cover railways, roads, canals, coastwise shipping and internal air services. This, however, is only an example of what he would like to see.

Lord Brabazon has unrivalled experience of the implications of this particular proposal, and the verdict he gave in the course of the debate was definitely in favour. He deplored the cut-throat competition between various forms of transport, and, so far as the railways were concerned, he hoped that the Government might see some way of making the present nominal amalgamation a permanent one. By combining existing corporative controls in the way Lord Reith had suggested he thought we should get a co-ordinated system of transport which would be unrivalled in efficiency and would cost the taxpayer nothing. This glowing testimonial to the constructive idea did not, of course, touch Lord Reith's main contention,

which is that by a delegation of Parliamentary control over management, democratic control over policy can be retained while executive efficiency is secured.

THE HUMPED FOAL

THIRTY years ago Russia was still a land of romance to most English people, a land of glittering snows, dark forests, flying troikas, and cities crowded with pepper-pot spires, where the rich merchants' wives wore diamonds in the heels of scarlet boots. Then came the first world war: history was made faster than ever before—though not so fast as we are making it to-day—and it seemed that the machine had become the Russian god, and romance was dead. It is a view that one of two exhibitions now being held in London might support—the Eastern Front Exhibition at Messrs. Rootes's showrooms in Piccadilly, where scenes of war in its machine-made horror and war machines in all their ghastly power are shown side by side with those others that are the modern surgeon's equipment for saving life. The second exhibition, at Messrs. Harrods's, does something to correct this impression. It lays stress upon the old arts of Russia, and the Government encouragement that has, for instance, sent a professor from Moscow to Uzbek, far off in the south, to record the local music never before written down. In the ceramic section a little modern group perhaps epitomises the situation. It was of "The Humped Foal," the magic horse which helped the youngest son in the old Russian fairy story to overcome his enemies, and the maker's mark on it was the new symbol of the U.S.S.R., the hammer and sickle. So old romance and new machines go on together.

JUNE AFTERNOON

*HOW safe the cool complaint of wood pigeons
In summer trees, across a sun-dried lawn;
Sudden and light the wind through chestnut leaves,
Steady the insect-drone around hot flowers,
And calm the sky-filled water in the stream.
... You who stand bitter here and lonely;
unbewitched*

*By such familiar spells remembering only pain
In other recent summers—reconsider now
Your deaf-blind sadness; for in rejecting this
You reject strength. Wiser to breathe again
Beauty's swift anaesthetic—then, re-awakening,
forge*

A steely shield of this uncaring peace.

HESTER LOYD.

J. A. SPENDER

JOURNALISM, letters and public life are all alike the poorer by the death of Alfred Spender. They have lost a man not only of great ability and industry, but of invariably high ideals and true nobility of character. He did many things well, but he will be best remembered by his work as editor for 26 years of the *Westminster Gazette*. Its old readers still feel a nostalgic yearning at the thought of those familiar green pages, which they read, whether or not they sympathised with their politics, for their temperate and high-minded tone, their good writing, their many typical and pleasant features. Its fame far transcended its circulation and it held a place of its own. Spender combined qualities not always found together—those of a man of letters and of a distinguished editor. He lived for 20 years after retiring from the *Westminster Gazette* and during all that time he worked assiduously, producing a number of books on political and historical subjects, of which perhaps the best known is his life of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

ROUND IN 62

GAMES seem rather dim and distant to-day, but now and again some remarkable achievement in pleasant fields of play wakes us with a jolt to the fact that they still exist. Such is the performance of Ben Hogan in the Hale American Golf Tournament at Chicago, which this year takes the place of the National

Championship. One of Hogan's rounds was the truly astonishing one of 62, which is the lowest that has ever been done in a tournament of importance held on a golf course of any pretensions. His score for four rounds was 271, which is said to be 17 strokes better than par, and represents an average of under 68 a round. It is idle to compare scores on different courses and to speculate whether Hogan's 62 is as good as or better than, let us say, Cotton's 63, or when he won his first championship at Sandwich. We can only say, with Dominy Sampson, "Prodigious!" and feel pretty sure that he holed a good many putts. Oddly enough it was only last week that Mr. Darwin, in his golfing article, referred to Hogan's zest for practising and his habit of taking his putter home every night during a tournament in order to indulge in a little study on his bedroom carpet. Perhaps when peace returns we shall all go to bed with our putters in pious imitation, but it is too much to hope that we shall all do 62's.

SIR EDWIN COOPER

THE late Sir Edwin Cooper, R.A., played a conspicuous part in the building of modern London. It has indeed been said of him that he executed more work in the City than any architect since Wren. He was a designer of great distinction, and although his fondness for heavy ornament was out of keeping with modern trends he never allowed it to interfere with the convenient planning of his interiors. The Port of London Authority building on Tower Hill, which is popularly regarded as his masterpiece, is a case in point. Both here and in the new Lloyd's Building he showed consummate skill in adapting his ideas to awkward sites. On a smaller scale his best work was probably to be found in the Holker Library at Gray's Inn, unfortunately destroyed during the air raids on London. He was responsible also, among many other prominent buildings, for the National Provincial Bank in Mansion House Street, Marylebone Town Hall, and the Star and Garter Home at Richmond, which was his own favourite. He held the gold medal of the R.I.B.A. and had for some years been treasurer of the Royal Academy.

CHERRY RIPE

*Cherries being boyled with butter, slices of bread
and sugar, between two dishes, they delight the pallet,
excite the appetite and yeeld a good and wholesome
nourishment especially for hot and dry bodies.*

THUS Dr. Venner of Bath in the seventeenth century, but this summer we shall not be boiling our cherries in butter. Indeed, the excellence of dessert cherries alone and "undressed" is their special triumph in times when the accustomed cream cannot be served with strawberries and raspberries. Unfortunately, good cherries will not flourish everywhere: even in Kent the brick-earth districts are noticeably better than most others. It must surely have been a happy chance that the sweet cherries brought from Flanders (or Northern Italy, according to one account) by Henry VIII's fruiterers should have been planted at Teynham—one of the most favourable of all cherry areas. That was in 1533, and 100 acres were devoted to the fruit. This planting is sometimes said to mark the first introduction of sweet cherries into England, but within a decade (in 1540) a single Kentish cherry orchard was sold for the equivalent of £1,000, and there are records of cherries having been hawked in London streets in 1415. Further, Pliny states that *Cerasus*, or the sweet cherry, was being grown in Britain within 26 years of its first transport into Europe—by Lucullus, from Pontus, in the year 67 or 68 B.C. Now, of course, the term "sweet cherry" comprehends infinite variety: Kent grows not only its own and Continental kinds but also American species such as Governor Wood and Ohio Beauty. Among sweet cherries are early and late kinds, reliable and unreliable, light and heavy croppers. To the consumer at the present time that tree which is reputed on good authority to have yielded a whole ton of cherries in one season must seem a capital fortune in itself!



E. W. Tattersall

VILLAGE LIFE: BY THE POND, ARDELEY, HERTFORDSHIRE

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IT is a very queer form of archaism, suburbanphobia, or whatever else it is, that has dictated the unwritten law by which most people who live in open country, and not in a recognised street, refuse to have the names of their houses displayed upon their gates, fences or anything that is theirs, except their notepaper. Many of us, in fact, hide our location and identity so efficiently it might be thought that we were trying to avoid the police or debt-collecting solicitors.

I imagine the system dates back to those days when in the average rural areas there were only one or two private houses outside the village: the "Big House," the Dower and possibly one other which everyone knew. Since those far-off times much water has flowed under the bridges, and in some popular districts every corner of land has a "desirable country residence" erected upon it. The finding of our friends who live in the more attractive parts of Sussex, Hampshire and Dorset, necessitates a very superior intelligence department, an efficient patrol system and that eye for country which, we are told, can be acquired only in the hunting-field. How the Australians, Canadians and South Africans possess it must always remain a mystery.

ONE hears people say: "Oh, yes, the house is called 99 Elms (or 15 Birches, or Gale's Goal), but it is not on the gate. It is quite easy to find, though: you take the fifth lane after passing the churchyard, not counting two or three that lead up to farms, and when you get to the top by a clump of firs you turn right. It is the fourth house with red tiles down that turning, but as you can't see the house from the lane the question of tiles does not arise. Lunch at one—don't forget." Eventually one arrives at an hour when it is difficult to decide whether one is come expecting tea or cocktails.

Why cannot we display the name of our house in some convenient spot where it can be seen by our friends, and what is still more important, by the young woman—a new one every week—who leaves the newspapers? As the result of this foolishness, instead of my *COUNTRY LIFE*, I am usually supplied with a periodical for which I have no use whatever—one devoted to knitting, maybe, or babycraft, or photographs of film stars (and how sick one becomes of those fallow faces with faint

lines of eyebrow that suggest a barley row attacked by wireworm). While we are about it, why not go a step farther, take a leaf out of the rules that govern military cantonments in the East, and have a board with not only the name of the house, but also that of its occupant. We live in the house; probably we built it; we do our poor best with the drive, flower-beds and lawn; so why not make a clean breast of it and own up?

I HAVE received a letter from a friend asking if I can obtain for him one or more slow-worms to act as policemen in his tomato and cucumber house. His old retainer, after many years' faithful service—active and energetic to the last—has just died and a search of the surrounding district for his successor has been fruitless. According to my bereaved friend, a slow-worm in a glass-house constitutes one of the finest pest exterminators Nature has evolved, for the warmth of the conservatory keeps him constantly restless and hungry.

The particular corner of the Forest in which I live is not very productive of slow-worms—we specialise more in adders—and a reward of 2s. 6d. to the village boys has failed to produce one. The slow-worm, who is not so numerous as he should be, has a very short life probably, as the first warm day in spring causes him to come forth and lie sluggishly in a most conspicuous spot on a well-used pathway and nine people out of ten will kill the harmless little fellow on the principle that all things which crawl upon the belly are evil. It is a pity those rudimentary legs of the reptile do not break through the skin and come into action, thus removing him from the curse of Genesis. As a matter of fact, in the little slow-worm of the Asian deserts, these small rudimentary legs, which our specimen wears inside his skin, are carried outside the body, but they are quite useless and wobble about aimlessly when the reptile wriggles.

A LIZARD that should prove a great asset in a glass-house is the Gecko of the East,

who has suction pads on his toes which enable him to run at great speed along walls and even on the ceiling. He is nocturnal in his habits, but approves of artificial lighting, 100 watt lamps preferred, and is a most repulsive-looking creature, as his eyes are scarlet, and, his body being transparent, one can see all the details of his interior workings, which are not attractive. One can become quite fond of the Gecko, however, in the malaria season, when one sees him sprinting along the walls mopping up mosquitoes at every stride.

We had five in our sitting-room in our desert home whom we got to know personally, and all of them had names—the fattest, I recall, was christened Mussolini. They were divided into two distinct and very hostile syndicates, three working together on the north and east walls and two owning the sporting rights on the south and west. Frontiers were most jealously guarded, and any case of trespass was dealt with immediately, the invader being well banged in the ribs and sent scurrying back to his own domain. Our Scottie of those days took a keen interest in the Geckos' movements, spending his evenings watching them, and, like ourselves, he knew them by sight as they were of varying sizes. If one of the mosquito-hunting lizards should stray over the boundary on to the wrong wall, he called attention to the breach of sportsmanship by barking loudly. On these occasions, if there was a visitor staying in the house who asked what was exciting the dog, it was so difficult to explain that he was annoyed about a wall lizard trespassing in pursuit of game.

WITH reference to my remarks in a recent Note on Arabs and their knowledge of astronomy, a correspondent with long service in the Sudan and surrounding deserts has written pointing out another star in which they are interested—Aldebaran—and says that probably few people, except expert astronomers, know that this first magnitude star obtains its name from its red colour. The Arab astrologers of the eleventh century christened it *El Debaran*—the wounded one—from *debara*, a wound, inflicted possibly by Taurus, the Bull, who lives close by. This theory, however, would tend to raise a very difficult point as to whether the Latin word, *Taurus*, is derived from the Arabic *Tor*, or vice versa.

EXMOOR: THE FRIENDLY WILDERNESS

By J. D. U. WARD

A LONELY untrimmed road, rising and falling, twisting and turning into wild hill country which seems at first to grow only heather, gorse, bracken and whortleberry and to be populated by a few ponies and small horned sheep: from Dulverton through Molland Moor Gate, to Cuzzicombe Post and Sandyway and into the wilderness towards Challacombe—that is one of the several ways by which you may come to Exmoor and perceive its untamed quality.

Away to the south, blue and dim in the distance, rises Dartmoor: here by the roadside are the tumulus graves of men who died far more than a millenium ago. Over the heather comes the lovely voice of a curlew dropping down to some pool, black and reed-fringed in its surround of peat; perhaps a ring-ouzel shouts his spring song from a tumbledown stone wall or there may be the harsh croak of a raven from above, the high-pitched mewing of a buzzard or the drumming of a snipe.

"Exmoor Forest" says the map, and Exmoor is still a forest in the old sense (for it is a wild place not properly fenced) or in the sense of "deer forest." The Red grouse of Exmoor are importations—the result of successful enlargements by Sir Edward Mountain in 1915 and later years—but the wild Red deer are indigenous, and Exmoor still has its native blackgame, birds which are found also on Dartmoor but nowhere else south of Trent since the species died out in the New Forest 30 years ago.

The deer and the blackgame, with the nightjars or fern-owls, belong not so much to the moor proper as to the fringe of the moor. Over the shoulder of nearly every Exmoor hill is a wooded combe (oak, beech, birch and mountain ash are the chief trees) and in these combes the deer lie most of the day-time, and thence they make their night raids on turnip fields and other cultivated lands in the valleys and on the lower and less steep slopes of the hills.

The intersection of its highlands by many wooded or cultivated valleys of considerable size (the Horner woods extend for nearly five miles) distinguishes Exmoor from the less friendly Dartmoor, for these tree-sheltered combes offset the desolation of the moors.

At the bottom of each combe will usually



TREE-SHELTERED COMBES OFFSET THE DESOLATION OF THE MOORS
Horner Woods, which extend for nearly five miles

be found a brook patrolled by the rotund culleys or dippers which love the spray-drenched boulders, by the sylph-like Grey wagtails, by sandpipers and by dragon-flies innumerable. If any one of these brooks (which are a feature of the country and whose name is legion) is followed, it will most likely be found to rise in the moor proper, among the cotton grass. In its earlier course as a mere rill it cuts a channel through red moss or black peat, but down in the valley, growing larger yet retaining a sparkling clarity as it prattles loudly and confidently, it races over a hard, rock-strewn bed.

But in time of floods (which are not rare)

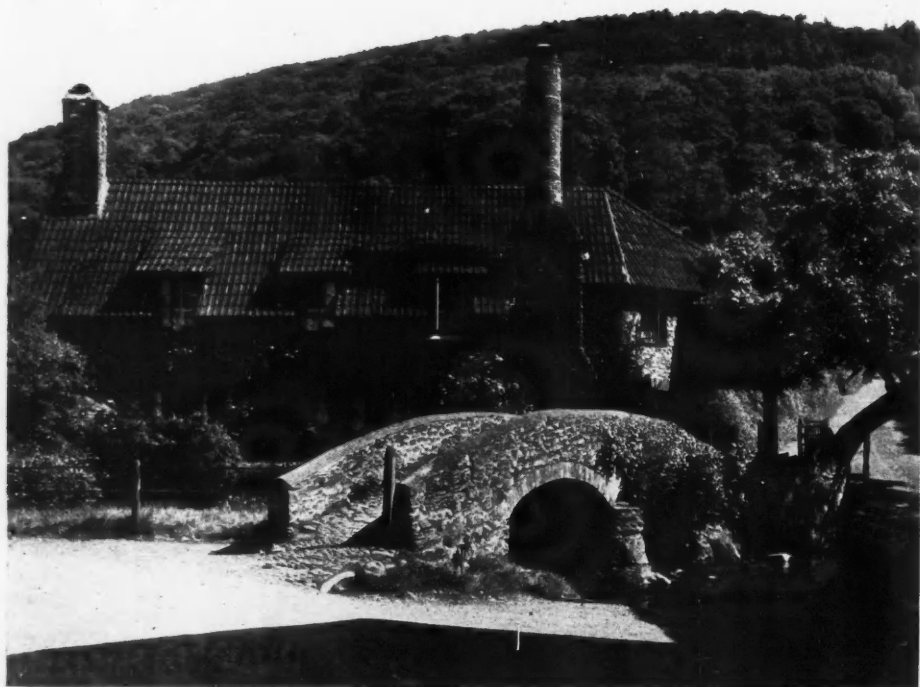
there is a metamorphosis: then all these silver waters swell into raging, roaring torrents, coloured red-yellow by the soil.

The speckled trout of Exmoor's swift and shallow waters are small, as are the salmon of the three or four larger rivers, but then Exmoor tends to smallness. Many of the hill farms are small, with small-windowed unpretentious farm-houses of stone or cob (roofs and outbuildings being too often patched with galvanised iron): the fields, with their rabbit-riddled banks, are small, and so are the gateways, the carts and the cart-horses. Most of the lanes, too, are narrow.

In truth, Exmoor is a poor country, judged by the normal standards of wealth, but it is by the grace of this poverty and man's failure to cultivate the moorlands that there is still sanctuary for Peregrine falcons and merlins, for ravens and countless buzzards, for curlew and Golden plover and ring-ouzels. These might be called birds of the wilderness: only in one other place in Southern England (on Dartmoor) do all these species nest regularly, and their survival on Exmoor is a testimony to those ignorant of the country that this is not just a large-scale common like one in semi-suburban Surrey.

Yet, inevitably, some birds which are numerous elsewhere, are here scarce: the nightingale, for example, is seldom to be heard on Exmoor (whose best songster is perhaps the woodlark) and I remember how an old poacher, learned in all that was good to eat or sell in his locality, once exhibited to my father "the most wonderful thing" he had ever seen: "a cross between a pheasant and a partridge" was his description of the miracle, which was, in fact, simply a red-legged or French partridge.

The numerous sunken lanes and narrow bridges are a reminder that here packhorses were used more recently than in most other parts, and here is one of the relatively few areas in England where it is still normal for small farmers to ride about their work—to look up or move sheep, young cattle and ponies on the moor, to attend sales or do other business. Some of the Exmoor postmen still ride on their rounds, and I remember that, when the doctor came to us from Dulverton seven miles away, he always rode out—but that was 25 years ago, when a motor car ranked as a rarity in



THE PACKHORSE BRIDGE AT ALLERFORD

Leonard Gayton



EXMOOR'S HIGHEST POINT—DUNKERY BEACON (1,700FT.), SEEN FROM WEBBER'S POST

the wilds of Exmoor. With unmetalled lanes, steep hills and a heavy rainfall, there is still much to be said for a sure-footed Exmoor pony, skilled at scrambling over banks and knowing far more than any human being about such problems as bogs and the way home in a mist.

It is because of the rain and the hills and the survival of old open fireplaces that most of the chimneys here have slate covers, either flat or peaked, to keep out the rain and to check down-draught. It is also the rain that enables so many Exmoor chimneys (some of them are round) to support a clump of wallflowers, and it is the rain again which must be thanked for the richly verdant mosses, the lichens and the many ferns growing on buildings and trees alike.

Picturesque is a dangerous word, for it may be a sneer as well as a mark of approval, but I think some of the Exmoor villages are picturesque in the good sense. It is true that cottages built of cob, cream-washed and roofed with thatch, are liable to be "pretty-pretty," but regard must be given to their background, and on Exmoor the bare hill is seldom far away.

Winsford is one of the places which West Countrymen propose when there are discussions about "the most beautiful village in England"; Selworthy, with those cottages near the church gate in the foreground and Dunkery beyond, is scarcely less famous, and Porlock Weir and Luccombe must certainly be remembered. This northern stretch of Exmoor, from Minehead to Lynton and Combe Martin, is of course the part most frequented by charrs-à-bancs—and by the same token is less esteemed by some born in and influenced by the wilder country.

Here, certainly, are several places and things of more than local interest. Dunster, at the extreme north-eastern corner of anything that can be called Exmoor, has a superb screen in its church, a famous yarn market, an interesting inn and castle, and two old water-mills; Bossington boasts a walnut-tree that is the largest in England, and Culbone a parish church that is the smallest; Allerford has a notable packhorse bridge. Here is the coast from which you may see Wales, and here are

told tales of wreckers, of lanterns tied to a cow's horns so that mariners might mistake the tossing light for that of a ship at sea and so come unsuspecting to their doom. How much is true it would be difficult to say, but Exmoor has had a fair share of villainy—of outlaws and professional "witches."

Over a mug of draught cider (ever plentiful in Exmoor inns and farms, for nearly every farmhouse has its cider-apple orchard, probably set on the nearest piece of hill too steep for cultivation) it will often transpire that belief in witchcraft lingered, and probably still lingers, when long-since derided elsewhere.

As for outlaws, there can be little doubt that R. D. Blackmore founded the famous romance *Lorna Doone* (which was written partly at a Withypool inn) on a substratum of fact: the Doones appear to have been exiles from Scotland and kinsmen of the Earl of Moray.

Since the so-called Doone Valley (even the map now marks part of Hacombe Bottom "Doone Valley") lies out to the west, on the Devon and Somerset boundary, it may be remarked that most of Exmoor is in Somerset, and that such things as cider, clotted cream and whortleberry tart, normally proclaimed as specialities of Devon, are just as truly indigenous



LUCCOMBE MUST "CERTAINLY BE REMEMBERED" AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL VILLAGES OF ENGLAND



THE LORNA DOONE COUNTRY—BADGWORTHY WATER IN THE DOONE VALLEY

British Council

to Exmoor-in-Somerset. Resentment of any tendency of Devon to steal Somerset's thunder—it has so much of its own—may be excusable in one who was born and bred on Exmoor and in Somerset: why, for instance, do books make so much of Dartmoor's Postbridge, when Exmoor's recently damaged Tarr Steps (illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* on May 8), constitutes

a far more imposing example of a cyclopean bridge? A hundred and eighty feet in length, Tarr Steps has no equal in Britain or probably in the whole world. The age of neither structure is known, but both are regarded as pre-Roman.

Here nothing need be told of the abortive nineteenth-century attempts to tame Exmoor and to mine the country's iron, but it is worthy

of note that some of the moorland commons retain, well above the 1,000 ft. contour, traces of furrows suggesting that here crops were grown long ago. What, when and by whom (for the cultivation must have required much labour) is not certainly known. Tradition has it that rye was the crop, and of grains that would assuredly have been the least hopeless; it is possible that some ground was tilled as recently as the Napoleonic wars, but one explanation goes back another 150 years.

Of old, it is said, Exmoor was more thickly peopled than now, but many of the moorfolk were lured away to London by the high wages offered by builders after the Great Fire. So those faint furrows, this thinning of the heather in favour of wild grass whence a wanderer may startle one of the few moorland hares and where an eye should always be spared for adders, are held to be relics of what was done by the fathers and grandfathers of Cockneys. To cultivate these heights must have been a heart-breaking and uneconomic task, and, whatever such people as Cobbett and the "progress"-loving Victorians may have thought, it seems good to some of the country's natives that these stretches of Exmoor have relapsed into wilderness.

As the national population grows and transport improves, we have all too little wilderness: to drift 40 years in any wilderness might well be grim, but, in an age of building and bustle, wilderness should be esteemed as balm to the soul.

May Exmoor, then, long remain a "for it": may the deep combs which harbour the wild Red deer keep their natural timbering and not be "improved" by scientific woodmen with pit-props on the brain, and may the length and breadth of the wind-swept moorlands be a true wilderness, to be in due season green, or purple (when the crimson of bell-heather mingles with the lilac of ling in flower), or dun and umber-brown.



LANDACRE BRIDGE

Leonard Gayton

LAND CONTROL AFTER THE WAR—V

THE PROBLEM OF FOOD PRICES

By SIR GEORGE COURTHOPE, P.C., M.P.

THE ownership and control of rural land in post-war Britain, though closely related, are two distinct problems.

Let us consider control in the first place.

It is generally agreed in principle that, in the future, we should produce at home a larger proportion of essential food-stuffs than was produced in pre-war years, and should endeavour to maintain a reasonably prosperous rural population.

To achieve these objects, the prices obtained for their produce must suffice to enable the farmer and market gardener to pay adequate wages and to keep their land in good heart.

For a nation, through Parliament, maintaining a remunerative price level for home-grown produce, it will have the right to insist on a reasonably high standard of production. In other words, neglect of land will not be tolerated. This will involve some measure of control.

PRICE LEVELS THE KEY PROBLEM

At present, effective control is exercised by County War Agricultural Executive Committees, acting for the Minister of Agriculture. Millions of acres have been ploughed compulsorily, and prices are fixed for all the principal products. Neglected land is requisitioned and farmed either by the Committees themselves, or by tenants whom they select; and the Minister has power, subject to certain limitations, to acquire requisitioned land, which has been improved at public expense, and may either keep it or sell it. It seems probable that the Executive Committees, most of which are doing admirable work, will be maintained after the war to exercise a modified control over cultivation, and to ensure that a reasonable standard of production is maintained.

But the Committees cannot deal with prices. How is the price level to be regulated?

For war purposes the Minister of Food has a monopoly of imported food-stuffs, and controls the price of the principal home products. He owns large stocks of food overseas, and is under contract to purchase the entire production of certain foods in the Dominions while the war lasts and for one year after. Until these stocks are disposed of, the monopoly of the Food Minister must continue. While it lasts, it will be relatively simple to regulate the prices of most home-grown food-stuffs. But it seems unlikely that a Government monopoly of food marketing will be tolerated indefinitely. We Britons dislike control, though we submit to it in war-time. If food control comes to an end, we must have a scheme ready to take its place, so that no collapse of the price level should occur.

We must not risk a repetition of the disaster which befell British agriculture in 1921, when the premature repeal of the Agriculture Act brought the Corn Production era to its close. The bitter experience of those days has taught us that we cannot rely on direct subsidies to keep agriculture in a prosperous condition. What are the alternatives?

SUBSIDIES NO SOLUTION

The Agricultural Marketing Acts provide for the "quantitative regulation" of imports of food-stuffs, the home production of which is controlled by a Marketing Board. This expedient is effective so far as it goes, but it applies only to a very limited range of foods, and is very like the Government control to which I think the consuming public may object, and is therefore hardly a suitable alternative.

The system known as "levy-subsidy" works admirably in the case of wheat, but is only appropriate to commodities of which the imports form a large proportion of the total supply. Another, and in many ways the most promising, alternative is a system of tariffs, with differential treatment of the Dominions,

and presumably of the U.S.A. Of the various alternatives, a tariff system seems to be the simplest, and to place the smallest restriction on commercial freedom. In order, however, to provide effective protection to the home producer, it must apply in some degree to Empire products, and this will involve a modification of the Ottawa Agreements. Provided the preference granted to the Empire is adequate, this ought not to be an insuperable obstacle, because all the Dominion Governments recognised the right of each nation of the British Commonwealth to place her own producers in a privileged position in her own markets.

CONTROL BY AGREEMENT

Similar recognition of the prior claims of home producers was announced by the Producers' Organisations of the Empire at the Sydney Conference in 1938. At that Conference Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, who shortly afterwards became Minister of Agriculture, laid the foundation for future co-operation in production and marketing of agricultural products throughout the Empire. It is greatly to be hoped that a solid structure may be built upon this foundation, and that building be started soon. The Government will have to decide what proportions of essential food-stuffs we should aim at producing at home. For such a decision to be secure and easily carried out, it must be made after consultation with the Dominions and the U.S.A.

The future prospects of our agricultural industry will be greatly improved, if the goodwill and co-operation not only of Governments but of producers' organisations can be obtained in advance. Arrangements of this kind will involve much preliminary discussion, which must not be rushed. If it has not started already let us urge our Government to initiate it without delay.

Whether we continue a Food Ministry with a monopoly of food marketing, or turn to one of the alternative systems, or a combination of more than one, it is essential to give a clearly defined objective to home production, and to obviate ruinous competition between our producers and those of the Dominions and the U.S.A. The latter aim will be greatly assisted by the work of the Sydney Conference, if full advantage is taken of it. Its decisions were so important that it may be well to set out the resolutions in which they were embodied.

THE SYDNEY RESOLUTIONS

1. That this Conference accepts the Ottawa "order of preference," i.e., that the local producer is entitled to first place in his local market; other Empire producers second place, and foreign producers third.
2. That this Conference accepts the need for securing the expansion of Dominion supplies of primary products to the United Kingdom market so far as is economically possible.
3. That this Conference accepts the need for orderly marketing of Empire primary products in order to maintain continuity of supplies and to prevent avoidable gluts and resultant instability of price levels and speculation.

Further resolutions deal with machinery and organisation. No doubt it will be necessary to bring the U.S.A. as well as the Dominions into consultation on the subject of post-war production and marketing of primary products, but their outstanding position as a creditor nation will act as a powerful inducement to negotiate with us, and the willingness of the Dominion producers' organisations to co-operate is most encouraging.

Starting from so favourable a position our Government should be able to secure sympathetic acceptance of their efforts to maintain United Kingdom agriculture in a

sound condition; and to decide what proportion of our essential food supply we should aim at producing at home, without fear of external complications.

In addition to major decisions on the scale of home production and the regulation of the price level, several other matters will require attention: for instance, in order to eliminate inefficient farming, the Agricultural Holdings Acts will require amendment in some respects. Rural housing, too, demands urgent attention. It is far from satisfactory now and never will be satisfactory until cottage rents can be put on an economic basis. The recent rise in agricultural wages gives an opportunity, which should not be missed, to achieve this most necessary reform.

In addition to prices, wages and housing, we must also consider the minds of the rising generation. We want to see country children growing up with country tastes and ambitions, rather than an urge to seek their future in the town. A definitely agricultural bias should be given to education in rural districts, and for this purpose increased use should be made of school gardens, young farmers' clubs, farm institutes and agricultural colleges.

If these and similar problems are tackled boldly as I think they will be, the future is full of hope, not only for the farmer and his men, but for the towns, which will benefit enormously if the country produces, as is quite possible, from £300,000,000 to £400,000,000 worth of food every year, and has a corresponding sum to spend.

WOULD NATIONALISATION HELP?

The question now arises whether the control of production and the future prosperity of agriculture might be assisted by the nationalisation of land, or any other drastic change in its ownership?

Personally I think not.

While it is notorious that some estates and farms are badly managed, it is generally recognised that the highest standard of production is found on privately owned land. Control will tend to raise the standard of farming: where it fails to do so, it is suggested that compulsory acquisition is justified, and the area owned by the State would gradually increase. But to apply compulsory acquisition to all land would excite widespread opposition and unrest, which would certainly militate against production. Confiscation is unthinkable, and universal purchase at anything like market value would be very costly, for ownership has a definite value to the owner, which in most cases leads him to be satisfied with a very low cash return on his investment, and on the capital which he expends on improvements. The State would have to pay for this ownership value, with little prospect of receiving a reasonable annual return upon it, either in rents or profits.

It may well be that the Government will arrange for the Commissioners of Crown Lands to hold land taken over or acquired by the State; they already hold considerable estates. In this connection it is interesting to note that in 23 years the Forestry Commissioners have acquired 1,250,000 acres for the Crown without the use of compulsory powers. There is little doubt that their acquisitions will continue, and that the Crown's agricultural estates also might be steadily increased, if desired, without the controversy and heavy cost of a general compulsory scheme.

So long as a reasonable standard of production is maintained, on privately-owned farms and woodlands, no useful purpose would be served by nationalisation.

[Next week's contribution will be by Dr. C. S. Orwin, Director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics at Oxford.]



AK-GYK IN HIS HOOD

HUNTING THE FOX WITH THE GOLDEN EAGLE

By A. ZIRIANOV



HE SEES THE FOX

YESTAI is a Kazakh collective-farmer, and Ak-Gyk is his constant companion on all hunting expeditions. Ak-Gyk means "White Shoulder" and is the name of a Golden eagle.

The bird pines at home when there is no chance to be out in the open, in the freedom of the limitless Kazakh steppes. His insatiable thirst for hunting gives him no peace; he complains without ceasing and spreads his powerful wings, pleading with his master to come out again to the great spaces and the pastime they both love. Then the day comes when Yestai obeys the call and with the Golden eagle on his wrist, rides out into the steppe.

Away in the dazzling snowy plain Yestai discerns an orange-red spot; a fox has scented danger and made away. It is time to release the other hunter, the Golden eagle. Yestai loosens the thong and removes the hood from the head. The eagle knows well what is expected of him. Proudly alert, he sweeps the distance with his keen glance, spreads his wings majestically and flaps them. When Yestai gives the signal: "Hait!" the bird soars into the air.

Nothing escapes those dark nut-brown eyes. No other beast or bird has sight so keen. Far as the fox is across the steppe, the eagle sees it and the predatory instinct draws him irresistibly to the living creature. Light and swift though the fox is, the bird overtakes her.

In a minute he has swooped down on the fox, the combat begins and the most deadly



YESTAI, WITH AK-GYK ON HIS WRIST, RIDES OUT INTO THE STEPPE



THE FOX TURNS ON HER PURSUER AND AK-GYK RECOILS



(Above) COMBAT ON THE STEPPE
(Right) AK-GYK RETURNS TO THE ATTACK
(Below) THE FOX IS DOOMED



weapons are brought into use: the wings, the beak, the talons. The fox has her teeth and claws to rely on and is not to be mastered at once. She turns on her pursuer. The eagle recoils, but these birds are famed for their boldness, and fight to the death. Recovering in an instant, the eagle returns to the attack. When the eagle pounces on her, the fox defends herself with might and main, now rearing on her hind legs, now throwing herself on her back. And sometimes she manages to wound the bird before he can get the better of her, unless the hunter is prompt to the rescue and comes up when they first get to grips.

At last, the eagle has managed to dig the talons of one foot into the



(Left) THE MOST DEADLY WEAPONS ARE BROUGHT INTO USE

(Above) AK-GYK IS RELUCTANT TO RELEASE HIS PREY

root of the tail, and the other into the muzzle. The fox is in a death-grip—doomed.

At this moment Yestai rides up. The eagle is reluctant to let go of his prey. But training tells, and though the bird clings for a while to the dying fox, he obeys his master in the end. The hood is slipped over his eyes and he is submissive once more; the friendship between man and bird is as firm and close as ever.



OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—V

1.—ACROSS THE WATER-MEADOWS: CHURCH, CASTLE AND PARK OVER THE GEORGIAN RED ROOFS

FARNHAM—I

“THE GREATEST CORN MARKET IN ENGLAND”

BETWEEN the South Downs and the marshes of the Wey, with heathery expanses of sandy waste stretching for miles north and south, there was a narrow passage at Farnham for “the Old Way.” The downland Harrow Way from Stonehenge here joined the Pilgrims’ Way from Winchester and the south, before traffic to Kent climbed the Hog’s Back or, a mile beyond the town, diverged to Staines and London. The great castle commanding the passage, held for a thousand years by the Bishops of Winchester, proclaims the place’s ancient strategic importance. But how came it that the little town, above whose warm-tiled roofs the castle towers, is a jewel of Georgian building?

Wherever men have spent money on good houses there must have been wealth. Defoe described Farnham in 1722 as “the greatest corn-market in England, London excepted.” Eleven hundred wagons, each carrying 40 bushels, 44,000 bushels in all, had been counted rolling into Farnham market on one day, he was told. Fifty years before, Aubrey had said the same: “It is the greatest market in England for wheat,” though, in 1670, the record in a day was 400 loads. Aubrey also noticed what the visitor to-day cannot miss but Defoe overlooked, the remarkable concentration of hop grounds about the town, and gave their acreage then as 300. At the end of the eighteenth century William Marshall, a more thorough investigator than Arthur Young, had nothing to say of Farnham corn market but described “the passion for hop-grounds having risen to a degree of rage, so that £10 an acre was not an extraordinary rent.” Aubrey had actually met the man, Mr. Bicknell (a good old Farnham name), whose father “was the first that planted hops here, which husbandry he brought out of Suffolk 76 years since,” that is about 1594. But in spite of the fame and limited extent of Farnham hops (on the belt of upper greensand clay below the chalk, for most of its 12-mile length only a few hundred yards wide), Farnham never seems to have been a recognised market for hops: they went 40 miles to Weyhill, the great sheep mart on a bare down above

Andover, where dealers from the West Country and Midlands bought the most part. Although a visit to Weyhill with his father was William Cobbett’s first glimpse of the world outside his birthplace at Farnham, the town’s greatest son tells us little about its hop trade. The dynamic apostle of high farming was rather an incarnation of Farnham’s earlier preoccupation with corn, the decay of which in his youth may have contributed unconsciously but deeply to his passionate bias. The house where he first saw the light is now a pub., with the apt name of The Jolly Farmer (Fig. 13); he lies buried by the porch of Farnham Church.

Hops are still the most important crop round the town. Great groups of oasts still prick over the tiled roofs of the long street, and from it open deep yards for the wagons that George Sturt, in the ‘60s, would watch lumbering by of a dusky autumn evening with freshly picked hops, filling the very streets with their drowsy scent. The sidewalks, where they were paved, were pitched with narrow slabs of the local ironstone set on edge, which still cobbles the yards, and can be seen in Lower Church Lane (Fig. 12). Though largely re-built in the early nineteenth century, this is in the earliest part of the town adjoining the church and the ford of the Wey.

Thus the origin of Farnham’s prosperity was evidently the wheat market. In the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was a little Winnipeg for the prairies of Hampshire and West Sussex. Its rise to fame was sudden. As late as 1620, according to Aubrey, Farnham market was inconsiderable, chiefly for the cloth which in those days was still the staple industry of Guildford, Farnham and Godalming. London’s already expanding demand for corn was at first met by water-borne supplies. In 1573 Faversham was making the biggest shipments by sea, and Henley was the *entrepôt* for barge shipments down the Thames. The cause of much sea-borne traffic being diverted overland, and consequently through the Farnham passage, was a century of almost continuous war in the Channel: with Spain, France, Charles I’s navy, and Holland. The zenith of the

Farnham corn market is shown by the Bailiff’s receipts to have been around 1694. By 1750 it was declining, though it lingered on till after 1914.

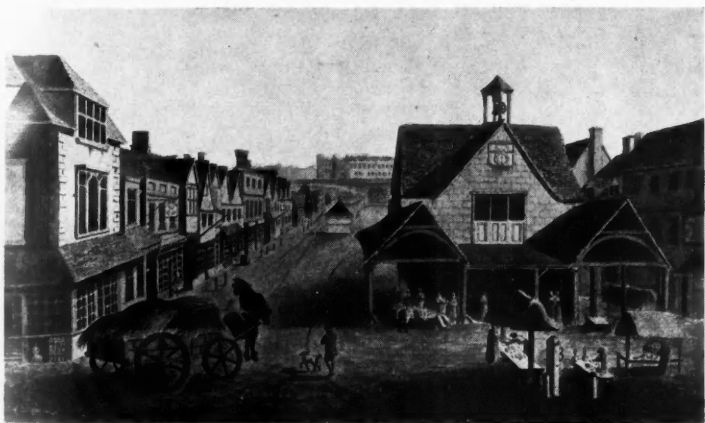
The fact that the majority of the houses which give the town such great architectural distinction were built in the second, hop, phase of prosperity seems to show that relatively few citizens grew rich out of the corn market. The only considerable surviving building of the late seventeenth century, and that only a fragment, is the Bailiff’s Hall, of that richly textured brickwork being produced in Surrey around 1660, said to date from 1674 (Fig. 6). Almost till 1800, Farnham was still a town of timber-framed houses, such as predominate in the old view of Castle Street in 1761 (Fig. 3), and a few of which have recently been brought to light from behind later refacings—but not, it can be said, at the cost of any Georgian front of distinction. At the bottom of Castle Street, for example, the old Goat’s Head on the right of Fig. 2 is the same as is seen on the left of Fig. 3, and though the old penticed shop windows have disappeared, they are pleasantly replaced now by bow-windows recessed under the overhang. The twin-gabled timber building on the left of Fig. 2 is an original survival from about 1600; the wide and lofty gable next it has been reconstructed from evidences found when the lower portion was discovered behind a plaster front. One of the earliest existing houses is the pretty old vicarage, lying south of the churchyard on the edge of the water-meadows (Fig. 9). Another house of those days (Fig. 10), Firgrove Cottage, in the suburb south of the Wey on the road to Haslemere, has lately been carefully restored. The mediæval timber structure is clearly visible inside (Fig. 11), where an open-roofed central hall was provided, later bisected with a floor when a brick chimney-breast was inserted, the central gable added with the pretty overhanging bow window, and, later still, the overhang supported by a brick ground-floor wall. We may take it that in this way a yeoman’s home was converted into a well-to-do tradesman-farmer’s house in Jacobean times. Two

generations later, when the town's new prosperity was making, the ground-floor room of a modest old house in West Street (No. 20) was given the rich Charles II ceiling shown in Fig. 8. It has features in common with plasterwork at Slyfield Manor, Great Bookham, dating from soon after 1660.

From the top of Firgrove Hill, as the sandy terrace is called that the Wey formed on the south side of its course countless ages ago, and along which the railway runs to-day, you get a view back over the valley which epitomises Farnham's early development. It was here, on the sandy south bank of the river, that the first Saxon settlers established themselves, and called the spot Fern-ham, from the bracken that covered the hungry soil southwards. Till then the site would seem to have been uninhabited, the local Iron Age fort (so probably the British village) being not, apparently, on the hill later occupied by the castle, but on Cæsar's Camp, that familiar feature of the Aldershot landscape a couple of miles beyond the Castle. Bedda, Bishop of Winchester, was given the manor and hundred of Farnham by Caedwalla, King of Wessex in 680, but it was not till after 868 that the castle was founded, possibly as one of the burghs raised in Alfred's time against the Danes. By then, no doubt, the township had moved across the river, clustering round the site of the church and



2.—TIMBER-FRAMED HOUSES IN THE BOROUGH AT THE FOOT OF CASTLE STREET. (That on the right is the one on the left of Fig. 3)



3.—CASTLE STREET IN 1761 WITH THE OLD MARKET HALL



4.—SCALE MODEL OF THE MARKET HALL, BUILT IN 1566, DEMOLISHED 1866



ford. And in 1249 it had so far prospered as to extract from the Bishop a charter giving the burgesses a measure of freedom and some of the rights he had hitherto enjoyed. Among them was that of holding the already established market in the space between their houses and the foot of Castle Hill.

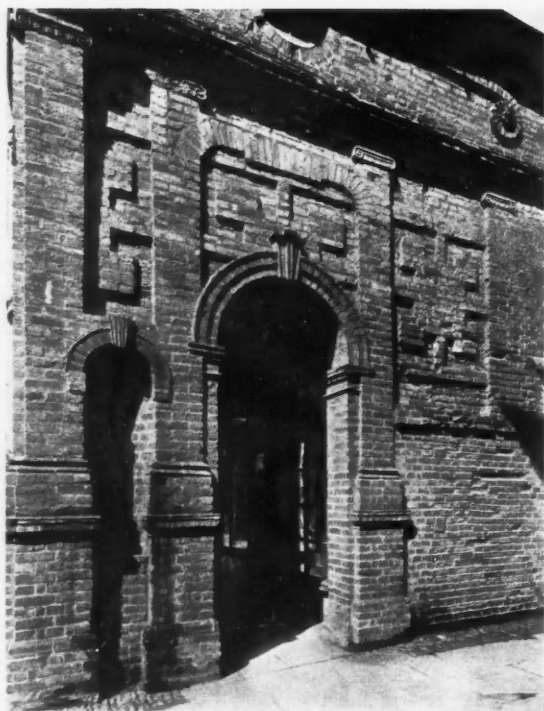
The later mediæval market town along the high road, between the church-ford and the castle-market nuclei, is still called The Borough—the narrow central stretch of the main street, some 200 yds. long (Fig. 5). At right angles to it houses grew up along the market-place, forming the broad stately expanse of Castle Street, ascending nowadays towards Bishop Foxe's great brick tower. The road to the south, called Long Bridge, now Downing Street, crossed the water-meadows and the river between The Borough and the church, and led to that other pole of mediæval Farnham, Waverley Abbey. Outside The Borough itself, the great road was less narrowly confined, and the houses growing up along it became East and West Streets respectively. Immediately above

(Left) 5.—THE BOROUGH FROM THE ARCADE OF THE NEW TOWN HALL BUILDING



East and West Streets lay the burgesses' common fields, later to become the famous hop grounds, with the Bishop's Park on the hill above—the glorious park still stretching north and east of castle and town, and visible in the right distance in Fig. 1. Southwards lay the water meadows, then carefully irrigated for hay, a mediæval manor's greatest source of wealth. They are still pleasant open spaces, though cut up by the nineteenth-century station approach road, and latterly by the Farnham by-pass.

In 1566 a new charter was granted to the town by Bishop Horne, by which, for the first time, Bailiffs and Burgesses were mentioned by name. The Senior Bailiff, John Clark, celebrated the event by erecting the market hall. This was demolished in 1866 by the Town and Market Hall Company, which erected in its stead a town hall and corn exchange in yellow brick with a clock tower at the north-east corner of The Borough with Castle Street. In recent years, however, present members of the same company have made ample amends by a notable reconstruction of the town centre. The initiative, as with much else in the preservation of Farnham's character, came largely



(Above) 6.—THE TOWN HALL BUILDING (1930-34) WITH THE REMAINS OF THE BAILIFF'S HALL (1674) ON THE RIGHT

The street front and gable of this latter is a clever reconstruction

(Left) 7.—ORIGINAL BRICKWORK OF THE BAILIFF'S HALL
The arch is modern

(Right) 8.—A CHARLES II CEILING IN NO. 20, WEST STREET

(Below) 9.—MEDIÆVAL VICARAGE



from Mr. C. E. Borelli, whose family business occupies one of the oldest houses in The Borough (on the left of Fig. 5), and Mr. Harold Falkner, the one as public servant and private property-owner, the other as architect. It is largely to them, for instance, that is due the restoration of the seventeenth-century buildings at the foot of Castle Street, and that so many Georgian houses and shops have been given back their bay windows, had disfigurements removed, and that street fronts have been carried through by tactful prolongation; that Farnham, indeed, has become the outstanding example of an old town that, so far from being allowed to degenerate, has actually recovered its architectural character in recent years. The creation of the town centre is their outstanding achievement so far; also a suggestive example of how enlightened interest may bring good out of the evil of destruction in other old towns in the years ahead of us.

The project finally took shape in 1928, when Lloyds Bank acquired and decided to re-build the adjoining premises in Castle Street belonging to the old Farnham business of Knights Bank. This was a lofty Tudor-esque house designed by Norman Shaw, of some merit but out of keeping with the town's Georgian character. The Town Hall Company, of which Mr. Borelli is Chairman, had also prepared plans to improve their property, both to the town's and their own advantage, by creating frontages for shops, replacing the corn market with a public hall, and linking up the whole with the remains of the original Bailiff's Hall at the east end of the site in The Borough. This scheme, designed by Messrs. Falkner, W. T. Benslyn, and G. M. Aylwin, was carried through in three sections between 1930-34, the only change being that the upper portion, intended for a public hall, was acquired for Government purposes. This, however, did not affect the general design, the chief features of which are a noble arcade containing attractive shops and providing much-needed extra passage (Fig. 5), a main block crowned by a belfry which a ship in full sail surmounts, and by the reconstructed chimney of Norman Shaw's



(Above) 10.—FIRGROVE COTTAGE

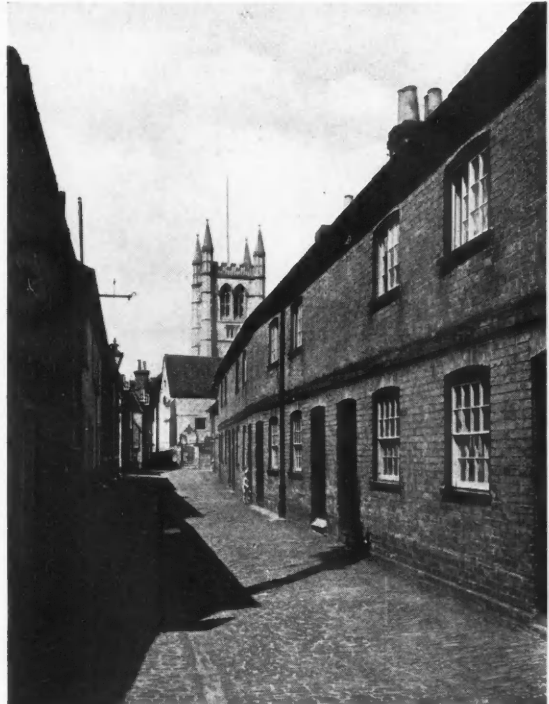
A mediæval house altered c. 1600 and recently restored

(Left) 11.—THE UPPER ROOM OF FIRGROVE COTTAGE—THE ROOF OF THE MEDIÆVAL HALL

(Right) 12.—IRONSTONE PITCHING IN LOWER CHURCH LANE

An early nineteenth-century re-housing scheme

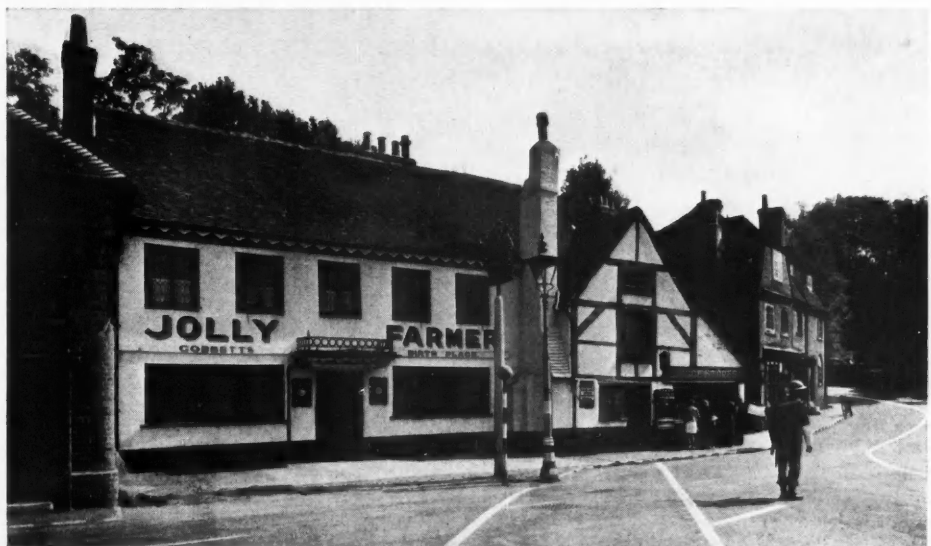
(Below) 13. — WHERE WILLIAM COBBETT WAS BORN, AT THE FOOT OF FIRGROVE HILL



bank (Fig. 6) above the Bailiff's Hall. Of this only part of the east side (Fig. 7) survived. The new gable and front to the street effectively develops its theme—richly textured brickwork comparable with contemporary brickwork in Godalming and West Horsley Place in the county. By subtle differentiation of the parts and careful attention to scale, not only are the sections brought together into a picturesque group, but this large building avoids dwarfing the little houses in The Borough.

The result of this public-spirited enterprise in co-operation is that, for two more or less unsightly Victorian buildings, Farnham has gained a shopping and financial centre which picturesquely emphasises the town's architectural character. It proves, too, that where there is a designer with the requisite scholarship and artistry, modern builders are fully capable of executing work indistinguishable from the old.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



WHEN A RIDER FALLS

By R. S. SUMMERHAYS



1 (Left).—A SOMERSAULT THAT LOOKS AS IF HORSE AND RIDER WILL BE BROUGHT BACK TO BACK
2 (Right).—THIS RIDER IS EXERTING ENOUGH PRESSURE WITH ARMS AND LEGS TO THROW HIMSELF WELL FORWARD AND CLEAR

WE have it on the authority of John Jorrocks that "a fall's a awful thing," and, of course, everything the great grocer said is accepted by

all good horsemen without dispute. Nevertheless, falls are often more awful for the spectator than they are for the rider, for they happen much too quickly for the rider's mind to register

more than the merest thought of grief to come.

When the rider falls he finds himself in one of three unfortunate conditions. He may be unharmed, or at worst suffer from a good shaking: this, I am glad to say, occurs in the majority of cases. He may, however, be knocked out and "concussed," whereupon he experiences a confused dream, a fantastic jumble of things, preceded it may be by the feeling that the sky is rushing towards him like a great blue-grey enveloping blanket. Thirdly, he finds perhaps that he has a broken bone somewhere, with pain to be borne and time in plenty to curse his bad luck. What the horse thinks just before his fall nobody, of course, can say, but I think that in view of his great weight, he must suffer a very great shock. Fortunately in the majority of cases he too is unharmed.

In most racing falls a horse usually comes down because he takes off too soon or too late, and in hitting the top of the fence knocks one or more legs out of rhythm. Often he overjumps himself; in short, the excessive propulsion of his quarters upsets the mastery of his forehead and he must crumple up. Minor faults are jumping short on landing and so "ditching" the hindquarters on the landing side or coming to rest on the top of the fence. If a horse hits his fence he is bound to upset his balance, and has not time to readjust it so as to get his legs in the proper position.

Very few horses refuse in a race for the very good reason that at the pace they go they have not the opportunity to do so, and in consequence face the inevitable fall because the pace was too hot to give time to take off just where safety dictated. In hunting, of course, there are many refusals; often people blame the horse for them, whereas, if justice were done, he should be praised for not undertaking something he knew he could not bring off successfully. That is how I think the horse's mind works. In racing the take-off and landing are usually more or less perfect, whereas in hunting they are sometimes good, more often very indifferent, and generally horrible.

Much has been written about the art of falling and what is the best thing to be done about it. Some recommend the rider to stop in the saddle as long as he can; some say that if a rider falls when hunting he should hang on to the reins to save his horse from sailing away into the country, while others recommend that, whether racing or hunting, if you are falling you should let everything go and start to roll when you land. A loose horse is a bad thing and somehow rather humiliating, but a horse on top of you is worse than anything else. Personally I think the right course to



3.—PROBABLY ALL THIS HORSE'S LEGS WERE THROWN OUT OF RHYTHM WHEN HE HIT THE FENCE HARD



4.—PERHAPS NOT A VERY BAD FALL, BUT PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON THE HORSE'S MOMENTUM

adopt is to drop everything and roll for safety, for if you hang on to the reins and lie where you fall you may well pull your horse on top of you. One thing, however, is mercifully certain—a horse, more for his own protection than anything else, will never put a foot on his rider if he can help it.

Much could be written on the subject of falls, but now let us look at this collection of pictures which show so clearly the fantastic postures in which horse and rider may find themselves. Perhaps the most extraordinary photograph is Fig. 1, where the unfortunate Monk's Orchard on an occasion at Gatwick fell himself into this truly ridiculous position. It looks very much as if the horse, when he has completed the somersault, will hit his unfortunate rider so that back meets back. The horse's Negro-like grin will be noted, and his neck seems to have disappeared into the ground. At least it can be said of Monk's Orchard's gymnastic effort that he managed to keep his flag flying, and one can only hope that all ended well.

In Fig. 2 the determined rider seems to have very fixed ideas about where The Last of the Hapsburgs should have his head, and obviously means to keep it there. It is to be hoped that this really was not the last of this particular Hapsburg, but at least his rider seems to be well placed to fall clear, for he is certainly using enough pressure with both his arms and legs to throw himself well forward and clear.

The horse in Fig. 3, by name Adamant, has evidently hit the fence very hard and fairly crumpled up—a bad peck—and probably all four legs were knocked out of rhythm. His rider closes his eyes and hopes for the best. I do not think he need fear the worst, however, for Adamant looks unlikely to roll on him.



5.—HOW DID THIS HORSE MANAGE TO GIVE HIS RIDER SO NASTY A FALL?

Now in Fig. 4 it really seems that Golden Eagle is doing his best to imitate his rider. The position of the forelegs is very similar to that of the rider's arms. Perhaps not a very nasty fall this, but much depends—indeed, practically everything depends—upon the momentum with which the horse strikes the ground. The curious formation into which the muscles of the quarters have gone will be noted, and in this as in some of the other photographs, the temporary muscular development around the girths is very marked.

One of the strangest photographs of a fall which I have ever seen is the last of this series. It almost looks as if the horse were starting

back in surprise and alarm at having removed his jockey's head. Note that he is very close to the jump and slightly sideways to it. How did he get there and how manage to give his rider so nasty a fall? At least Rolling Home has every appearance of being of an enquiring nature, with a sympathetic eye!

It is the element of danger which adds so much to the fascination of hunting and 'chasing, and it is a comforting thought that the proportion of fatal accidents is very small indeed when an estimate is made of the number of people who both hunt and race-ride in days of peace.

ROMAN DUST

AS we walked over the 50-acre flint-strewn field, new-sown and dry as the desert, those words of Hamlet about Imperious Caesar turn'd to clay kept coming into my head, though I could not remember them exactly. We were making for the spot where a jar full of Roman coins had been recently turned up and smashed by the plough ploughing 6ins. deeper than usual, and all the way over the land was littered with gleaming oyster-shells of glutinous size, bones light as *papier mâché*, and fragments of all kinds and colours of earthenware.

"There was a Roman cavalry brigade stationed round here—under the command of the Count of the Saxon Shore, I think," said my host, himself an ex-cavalryman and now in the Home Guard. His men watched the sea from this same crest, knowing their native weather a good deal better, I'm sure, than that Roman army of occupation. Yet the Romans, too, though they had no elaborate meteorological forecasts, must have studied the winds and tides and moon's phases and worked out a raiding calendar. And they could at least count on quiet winters down in the valley, instead of maintaining an all-the-year-round watch.

A FIND OF COINS

In the middle of the field we found a few blue shards, all that was left of the broken jar, and as we started to pick them up I saw a green rim sticking out of the sandy soil—and then another, and yet another. We got down on hands and knees and, heedless of bombers whose shadows roared over our miserly backs, combed that square yard of earth till we had gathered up 20 or 30 coins. They were coated with emerald verdigris and clinked in the hand with a brittle note quite different from the jingle of modern coinage. When we could find no more we pocketed these Roman emperors to rub heads with our Imperial Georges and Edwards, and set out on a trek round the field.

The remains seemed to lie in broad belts which pointed to some sort of plan, hard to define because of the field's undulations. We found a lot of round stones, from golf-ball to

turnip size, which must have been used as ballista ammunition; and a few worked flints, scrapers and knives and hammer-heads. The dogs were busy in one corner of the field, and a hare, taking its chance, ran away down-wind, but delicately because of the stones.

As we walked on in the silence of this fertile field it was hard to picture that clattering cavalry camp now turned to dust. Only the spade will show the exact lay-out, though recently a couple of Saxon raiders dropped their bombs in the very next field. Had they dropped them here they might have unearthed the site for us.

INSOLUBLE MYSTERY

That night I cleaned my coins in ammonia and watched them turn silver as the ammonia turned Prussian blue. With a glass I made out the lettering round their edges. Most of the coins bore the head of Postumus, a snub-nosed, bearded old boy crowned with rakish olive and looking more like Father Christmas than Imperial Caesar. The shape of the coins, rough round the edges and far from circular, like home-made biscuits stamped hot and left to cool, pleased me more than the minted symmetry of to-day. Perhaps they were part of some regiment's imprest account, arrayed in bright piles on a trestle table on pay-day and spent by the troopers that night in the harbour taverns. As to why they were left buried here—Saxon raid or sudden recall, some slip in the paymaster's plan for recouping himself, or the death of the man who hid them—no one will ever know.

With the coins growing brighter each minute

The adage that every little helps is specially applicable to the Waste Paper campaign.

If, for instance, everybody were to remove the labels from food tins for twelve months, and give them for salvage, 500 tons of paper would be saved.

Please do what you can to help!

under my eye, many ideas were born and took flight, a state very different from the mental cramp that used to assail one in school when one was told to write an essay on "The adventures of a half-crown," and one's knowledge of half-crowns and their habits was as limited as the geography of the child who talked about swallows crossing the Middle Geranium Sea.

Next day I flew over the camp in a bomber. A matey party we were, inside the glass-roofed nacelle, and our pilot was clearly out for fun with two sailors and a soldier on board. We sat about where we liked, with hats and coats off because of the heat, and it was all most unlike the solitary open-cockpit flying of last war, and not so pleasant, I thought.

As we approached the field I searched it for signs of a plan under the chalk-mottled umber soil. The ribbed marks of the roller running from east to west seemed to prevail, but through this top skin I could just discern some darker rectangles like a faint pattern not quite removed after many centuries of wear.

AERIAL PICTURES

The photographer tugged open his wind w and pointed the camera. A blast of wind almost overturned him, but he hung on with flattened hair and shirt blown open till we had circled the field four times. Then the pilot set off on his escapades, which I enjoyed as much as most passengers do when they know the tricks.

Now before me are the photographs, and with my glass I can view at leisure those phantom lines that chequer the field. What they may signify I do not know, any more than we know how much of that Roman pattern is stamped on the Briton of to-day. But here there sound in my ears warning echoes from undergraduate days of that bitter historians' war—Saxon v. Roman—and I hear again the battle-cry "Stubbs's theory" on the lips of a Trinity don. And at once I am back in Trinity Great Court, with its wallflowers and plashing fountain and sleepily chiming clock, a Lotusland for the wanderer where all argumentation, and even the effort of writing, must cease.

G. R. S.

HOT WEATHER MEMORIES

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

"I T can't hurt now." It was in these words that Sherlock Holmes allowed Watson to tell the story of the "Illustrious Client" whose identity has not even now been revealed. Similarly, since these words of mine will not be printed for some time, it can't hurt if I say that it is very hot, what Mr. Mantalini would call "most demnably, outrageously hot." It is weather perfectly suited to only one occupation, the watching of cricket, and it set me thinking of some of the hottest days on which for my sins I have had to play or watch golf. By an odd chance, moreover, I came across a long-lost set of cuttings of my description of the American Amateur Championship at Garden City in 1913, and that decides the matter; hot-weather golf must supply some memories.

I have been hotter in America since then; hot among the woods of Piping Rock in 1922 when there came such a thunderstorm on the way home as never I saw: hot in the Walker Cup Match of that year, in an unbearable damp grey sultriness through which I struggled in a coat and tie; but I came new to it in 1913 and so it was to me a revelation, though my kind hosts thought of it merely as fine summer weather. Before I had left England Lord Northcliffe had given me one piece of advice, not to drink too much iced water. Yet when I got to Garden City and sat in a pleasant garden I fell before a number of heavenly "soft" drinks and got what children call "a pain." Moreover, the mosquitoes of Garden City liked my alien blood and made such a meal on me that I could scarcely get a shoe on to my swollen ankle. So I was not in the best possible condition for watching the first day of that championship.

I have just looked at my account of it, with the formidable headline across the page beginning "London Times expert describes impressions," and I see that the melting expert remarked "To-day was a grilling, sparkling day with a burnished blue sky above, with occasionally a merciful breath of wind. The course was alive with shirt-sleeved players and little knots of spectators in the patches of shade." Those very commonplace words make me feel if possible hotter than I otherwise should in the remembrance. There comes back to me out of the past the figure of one plump, middle-aged gentleman in shirt-sleeves, sheltering under a large cotton umbrella. As the ball runs to within a few feet of the hole he exclaims, in panting enthusiasm: "Lordy lordy child, some approach!" By the aid of my cutting, moreover, I have recalled something else that had clean gone out of my mind, an odd accompaniment to a championship. The Garden City Fire Brigade were conducting a Labour Day demonstration. They wore bright-coloured coats and white ducks; they were headed by a lusty brass band and the Stars and Stripes, and they marched round and round the outskirts of the play, of which they were wholly oblivious. They looked hotter even than the golfers, and I have no doubt they were.

As I said, the players thought it was good, normal golfing weather, and no doubt these things are largely a matter of habit and bringing-up. An old friend of mine, now dead, once ran for the London Athletic Club against the New York Athletic Club. A few days before the match, when the Englishmen were feeling quite lively, the famous M. F. X. Sweeny, the high jumper, complained that it was so cold he could barely clear 6ft. When the real day came the visitors were utterly limp and prostrate, Sweeny jumped 6ft. 5½ins. and several more of that wonderful New York team did records. The heat lasted at Garden City some three days and then there comes this: "To-day supplied a blessed relief. Following a tremendous deluge last night it was a cool grey English day, with the ground pleasant, fresh and green from the rain." That I am sure was a genuine *cri de cœur*.

There had been a far, far hotter championship than that in the year before, at Wheaton near Chicago, in which Mr. Norman Hunter, when playing well, fell a martyr to British custom,

because he wore a thick coat and collapsed from heat-stroke. We have grown more sensible in our hot-weather attire since then, casting away coats and constricting neckties, and having woollies without sleeves that allow a little ghost of a breeze to wander under our arms; but I don't think that as a race we shall ever be at our best, or deem golf a suitable game, in sweltering summer weather. Incidentally, I have just been amused to find by chance a shirt-sleeved picture of one whom I have ever regarded as a pillar of orthodoxy. This is in a little American book professing to teach golfing technique by line drawings. The picture is nameless, but opposite to it is written "J. H. Taylor's pitch shot" and there can be no doubt about it. There is our venerable and respected friend looking fixedly at the spot where the ball has been, attired in flannels and a sun helmet. *O tempora, O mores!*

To turn for a moment to mere home-made heat I feel pretty sure which was the hottest championship here at which I ever was present. It was at Prestwick in 1911. The sky was cloudless; the sun beat down and, what was more, it had been beating down on the links for days and days beforehand. The ground was as dry as a bone, the turf was positively brittle with drought, the sand in the bunkers was driest of all. I have a vivid recollection of pitching just too short at the tricky little second hole and of my ball simply vanishing into the sand. I believe I ultimately found it by groping for it with my fingers, but as to getting it out that was wholly impossible. The ground was of course running like a millrace and length was of little importance. That, too, I have cause to remember personally; I was driving hopelessly ill, and the only wooden club with which I could even pretend to hit the ball was a little

spoon, labelled "pug," with a head about the size of a half-crown. I did not drive very well even with that, and yet I got through at least three rounds and beat two really good players. Not only was the ground very fast, but the grass at the sides was decidedly long, so that a straight shot of modest length was the chief thing wanted. That was, by the way, the championship which Mr. Hilton won largely through his ingenuity in giving up his hook from the tee and playing instead with a slight "fade"; but I said that the other day and will not say it again.

Hoylelake in 1922 was, unless my memory plays me false, uncommonly hot too. Certainly the ground was very fast and dry, as I have grateful reason to remember, and the greens, which had not then any water laid on, were really and truly like skating-rinks, although very smooth ones. The heat suited our American invaders that year and they began by giving us a sad beating in the first international match; but in the end those desperately fast greens, so different from their heavily watered ones at home, proved a little too much for them. They seemed about to murder us, but became oddly disintegrated till only one remained in the last eight and then he departed. There have been Open Championships too, many of them, played on very hard, fast ground, and in particular, as I remember it, that at St. Andrews in 1933. It was there that Craig Wood, at the long hole out, drove into one of the bunkers in the hill-face before the green, a little matter of 430yds. or so. Still, for the combination of blazing sunshine and ice-keen ground I shall always think first of Prestwick; that is to say, as far as concerns our mild, tepid little home-made heat. Phew! I am glad it is no worse. Why have I got a coat on?

GOLDSMITH AND MAN ABOUT TOWN

By E. ALFRED JONES

THE career of an interesting London goldsmith and man about town is to be found in a printed work called *The Fruits of Experience; or Memoir of Joseph Brasbridge*, written in his eightieth year and published in 1824, with portrait. He begins by expressing the hope that it might be found equally productive of warning to the dissipated and of encouragement to the industrious.

A glimpse of his experiences as a craftsman is afforded by his remarks that he began in 1770 (at the age of 26) as a silversmith in partnership with one Slade, an honest, worthy man, whose brother-in-law he became in 1771, having had the good fortune to obtain the hand of his sister, with the lucky portion of £2,000. The firm produced not only silver vessels, but also plated and ormolu things at their place at No. 98 on the Corner of Bride Lane in Fleet Street. As many as 300 to 400 pairs of plated candlesticks were provided for the Commissary at Dunkirk.

CARDS AND RACING

The partnership was dissolved in 1779 and Joseph Brasbridge established himself as a silversmith and cutler at the same address, whence he inserted advertisements in the *St. James's Chronicle*, drawn up with the assistance of the late Rev. Dr. Cosens. A frequenter of taverns, he belonged to a card club at the Crown and Rolls in Chancery Lane, as well as to a sixpenny card club and the Free and Easy Under the Rose, both at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. He was also a visitor to the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, famous for its political debates. Another of his evering haunts was the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street. As a sportsman he rode with the Royal Stagbonds from Eton and enjoyed racing at Epsom, spending a night at the Cock Inn at Sutton.

The sporting goldsmith relates how a dealer deceived him by selling him a horse warranted as sound and as only seven years old, which turned out to be lame and aged. He brought an

action against the dealer before Lord Mansfield, and won it in face of the adverse opinion of the eminent judge. Brasbridge's principal witness was one Layton (afterwards farrier to the Prince of Wales) for whom he had made, presumably in his own workshop, a silver tea-caddy with a good engraving of a horse upon it. Lucky is the owner of this treasure.

In the days of his prosperity Brasbridge entrusted much work to Eley, a spoon-maker in Lovell's Court, Paternoster Row, and to Chawner, another spoon-maker in the same Row. But his principal spoon-maker was Richard Crossley of Giltspur Street, with whom he spent as much as £50,000.

FORKS PLATED ON IRON

Brasbridge's customers among the nobility included the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Bute and the Duke of Argyll, who gave him an order for such curious things as forks plated on iron. Lady Hamilton was also a customer. Brasbridge was inclined to neglect his prosperous business and gradually transferred his cares to a young man named William Ashworth, a former apprentice for six years, who was favoured with a fine voice, became reckless and dined at the Crown and Anchor at a cost of a guinea a time, ending his life as a market gardener in Kent.

The present writer has described two silver mustard-pots, dated 1807-08 and marked *Brasbridge, Fecit*, in his catalogue of the regalia and plate at the Mansion House.

Among the products of the Brasbridge factory were a pair of "neat pierced d'argent moulu bottle stands" for a guinea in 1779 and an "argent moulu" chamber candlestick for £1. Specimens of Brasbridge work in silver-plated ware and cutlery would be interesting and historical additions to any collection of English metal-work. Bankruptcy followed his addiction to pleasure but with the help of friends he was eventually established in business. He died at Highgate on February 28, 1832.

CORRESPONDENCE

HEDGEHOGS IN THE LABORATORY

SIR.—The old saying that "there is something new under the sun" seems to be true of the hedgehog in the laboratory. Since Miss Kelway's charming article on the breeding of the hedgehog in captivity appeared in this paper, and since I drew attention to the manner in which Mr. M. Ranson has been breeding the hedgehog and using it in the service of science, Dr. D. Guthrie has drawn my attention to the fact that the celebrated John Hunter, surgeon and naturalist, so long ago as 1775, was using the animal for experimental purposes. In an article contributed to the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, Vol. XLIX, p. 19, 1942, Dr. Guthrie says "apparently the hedgehog was Hunter's laboratory animal, his guinea-pig in fact" and he quotes from a letter of Hunter's in which he wrote: "If you could send me a colony of hedgehogs, I should be glad, as I have expended all I had except two, one an eagle ate, and a ferret caught the other. I am hedgehogless."—FRANCES PITT, Bridgnorth.

A ROYAL ARTIST

SIR.—I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all your readers who have so kindly written to me on the above subject.

Her Majesty Queen Mary gave me much helpful information regarding the whereabouts of several other pictures by the Empress Frederick and at the same time presented me with a unique raised gilt miniature portrait of George IV to add to my collection at Claverhouse. —J. COUTTS DUFFUS, Claverhouse, by Dundee, Angus.

TREE-CLIMBING DOGS

SIR.—The correspondence about climbing dogs that appeared in your paper some time ago was most interesting and impels me to record the conduct of my own Irish terrier bitch. When I was a Commissioner in Swaziland, and on a station on the Ubombo Mountains, she used to have a great time with the monkeys which swarm there. Many a time I have been attracted by her barks to find her actually up a tree in vain and lumbering pursuit of her agile quarry. With much labour she used to climb higher than my head, working her way up by using her back against the trunk and her feet against convenient branches. I never knew her able to climb down, however, and invariably I had to lift her down.

One more surprising and almost incredible trick she had with regard to monkeys. I have known her bark till she had attracted my attention, when she had located a monkey in a tree, and on my arrival I have found her busily scratching up stones into a heap at the foot of the tree, and I can only think that at the back of her mind she had an idea of getting ready some ammunition for use by her master. To me the latter habit seemed so unusual that I own, quite frankly, that I have always hesitated to record it, lest it might seem one more of the teller's tale. It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have ever come across anything like this. —BASIL H. WARNER (Rev.), All Saints' Rectory, near Axminster.

GEORGE DANCE SENIOR

SIR.—With reference to the letter in COUNTRY LIFE of June 19 about

George Dance the Elder as a sculptor, I notice in Sydney Perks's *History of the Mansion House*, where there are some notes on the Dance family, that George Dance the Elder was described on his admission to Merchant Taylors Company as "George Dance, Stonecutter, Moorfields, per Patr. son of Giles Dance, Liveryman." This may be of interest to your correspondent. It is also interesting to remember that the sculptor of the pediment of the Mansion House, namely, Sir Robert Taylor, was also a well-known architect.—BASIL BROOKS, Gatwick, Great Burstead, near Billericay, Essex.

RARE OLD SHOOTING PICTURE

SIR.—I am exceedingly grateful for the valuable information received relating to the above-mentioned print, as a result of your kind publication of the photograph with my enquiry (May 22).

Lady Seaton's letter in June '12 issue is most informative, and I think probably establishes the identity of the artist and the locality. I had also received a communication from Lady Malise Graham, who, having seen the enquiry in COUNTRY LIFE, wrote,

Its whole body seemed to be of the same tone, the only difference being that the back from beak to tail was dark brown, and the whole underside just as dark but very slightly more grey. There were no light markings round the eye.

Unfortunately, I cannot remember the colour of the beak, but its legs were a warm, almost pinkish brown.

It had the fine, slim body and flat head of a warbler.

Another bird, which I took to be the mate, was quite near in the bush, but I could not get a clear view, although I thought the breast was a somewhat paler grey.

In none of my books can I find a plate showing this bird, so possibly it is a freak. For the second year in succession the blackcaps are nesting in the garden. —MARJORIE KOLLE, Saint Hill, Alphington, Exeter.

[But for the words "dark brown" our correspondent might be describing a Garden warbler, but the Garden warbler is certainly not of this colour. The nightingale is brownish but not dark brown. Perhaps some reader can solve the problem.—Ed.]

AT CHIPPING CAMPDEN

SIR.—Your readers will, I know, be glad to hear that at last the beautiful old seventeenth-century almshouses at Chipping Campden, in Gloucestershire, are being repaired and that they will soon all be available for the housing of local old people. Some of the chimneys were falling, some houses were unfit for habitation, and stone floors required re-flagging. Many appeals for funds with which to save these fine old buildings from ruin have been made in the past: now the local Council has taken the matter in hand and all will be well.—F. R. WINSTONE, Bristol.

CAN A DOG BE CURED OF HEN-HARRYING?

SIR.—In COUNTRY LIFE, June 5, a correspondent writes: "Can a dog be cured of hen-harrying?"

My daughter has a spaniel three years old, who when 1½ years old, was living here near a hen yard and used to chase and kill hens. My daughter cured him by taking him with her close to heel through the hens, and whenever he looked at one smacked and corrected him. Until he was cured she never allowed him away from heel when near hens. He is now allowed—and has been since his hen training, which lasted about three months—to go entirely freely among the hens and ducks, who are friendly with him, and he with them.

I should like to say how very much COUNTRY LIFE is appreciated here. It goes on to our gardener's cottage, then to the vicar, then to a friend in Devon, and then to an officer invalided in the last war.—EVELYN REES-MOGG, Dove Leys, Rochester, Uttrover, Staffordshire.

SIR.—With reference to the enquiry as to whether a puppy can be cured of attacking hens, my own experience in dealing with this trouble might be of use. I have no knowledge of terriers, but completely cured an extremely wild Irish setter of the mischief by filling his mouth with feathers from the last chicken he killed. I gave him a stinging rap on the nose, and held his mouth shut for a few moments until he began to



THE ALMSHOUSES OF CHIPPING CAMPDEN SAVED FOR POSTERITY
(See letter "At Chipping Campden")

ODE TO RUPERT

SIR.—In your number of March 13, I have read the extracts from Captain Scott-Martin's letters from Oflag VI B, sent by his wife. My husband is in the same room of eight as Captain Scott-Martin and often writes about the canary "Rupert," who, he says, is a great favourite, and is in imminent danger of death from overfeeding. I wondered if the enclosed "Ode to Rupert" would be of interest to your readers?

TO RUPERT.

Sing, yellow bird!
Swell out your tiny throat
And try a note, a chirrup, or a stanza
—try a trill;
Sing how you will,
Or if no warblings shall your fancy suit,
Be mute.

Yet you're a trier,
An echo of that merry-feathered choir
That sings in England now from the wood's edge
And in my garden, too, under the blue
of each new April day
Their notes cascading from the apple
spray
From dawn to dusk.

Sing on, you foreign fowl.
Ev'n though you'll never bring
More than a thought (however hard you
sing),
You lighten a heart here, banish there a
scowl;
A cageling comfort to a cageling's
brought—which is absurd.

(Oflag VI B, March, 1942).

My husband, Captain E. G. C. Beckwith, is the "Ted Beckwith" mentioned in another letter in one of your numbers—as the inventor of two games played at the Camp.—BETTY BECKWITH, Sea View, Instow, N. Devon.

truly, that ptarmigan only inhabit the highest regions and do not come down to sea level, as shown in the print, and that the birds were probably "rock pigeons," which I think may be correct, although another interested party had suggested "puffins."

I also heard from a naval chaplain, the Rev. L. Sherley-Price, who had seen my enquiry, and who thought that the locality was in the region of the "Mull of Kintyre" with a distant view of the peaks of "Jura," as seen in the picture, and this opinion is borne out by the view expressed in Lady Seaton's letter. There can be no doubt that COUNTRY LIFE is a most valuable medium for those seeking information on almost every subject, and at the same time readers must be grateful for the very high standard of publication you have been able to maintain under present conditions.—CYRIL A. DRUMMOND, Cadland Cottage, Fawley, Southampton.

WHAT IS THIS BIRD?

SIR.—Can you again identify a bird for me? I saw it about the middle of May in the garden, and am inclined to think it is similar to one I noticed two years ago in an orchard near by, as on both occasions my first, quick impression was that it might be a Grasshopper warbler, but reference to a book showed at once it was not.

The other day it was on a Pyrus japonica bush and allowed me to come quite close and watch it without being in the least perturbed.

I am afraid my description will not be very helpful, as my chief impression was that the bird had no noticeable marking of any kind: in fact, I have never seen any other small bird so uniform all over.

choke. Thereafter, though he lived to be 15, and was always full of dash and spirit, he could be trusted among fowls anywhere, whether an eye was on him or not, and never again chased or worried any sort of creature.

The method of punishing a puppy for obeying instincts—before they have been replaced by habits—by forcing him to carry his dead victim attached to him for an indefinite (usually lengthy) period is surely both unnecessary cruelty and shameful evidence of failure on the trainer's part rather than that of the unfortunate dog.—*B. MAUDE, Hampton Court Palace, Middlesex.*

[Few dogs are so stupid that they cannot be taught manners if their owners will but take the trouble. One that is disposed to chase fowls or sheep should be put on a long lead, preferably a check cord such as sporting men use in breaking, and then exposed to temptation. When it chases, pull it up sharply saying "No! Bad dog!" If this admonition is unheeded a tap with a light cane or whip is justified, the prohibitory words being repeated. After a thorough drilling in this procedure most dogs will be cured of what is a really bad habit. Domestic poultry now come within the animals protected by the Dogs Act. The owner of

repeatedly. At the end of three days she refused to lose her temper whatever I said or did and the whole performance ceased, but while it lasted I secured a film of the drumming at ranges between 8 and 13 ft. The cock never lost his temper and therefore did none of these things. While the single resounding smack on the trunk was a violent muscular effort, the drumming is nothing of the sort; it is just knock, and the sound produced on rotten wood is quite different from the sound produced on live timber. The bird drummed on both in front of me. The young had been hatched several days before photography started.—*ANTHONY BUXTON, Horsey Hall, Nr. Great Yarmouth.*

A.R.P. AND A CHURCH WINDOW

SIR,—You recently illustrated a church window commemorating the Battle of Britain and Dunkirk (*COUNTRY LIFE*, May 8). Here is a photograph of a window erected in St. Augustine's Church, Hackney, blessed only a few months ago, which depicts a rather pathetic little girl who has been sent out during the London black-out to call a priest from the vicarage.



A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW INSPIRED BY A.R.P.

(See letter "A.R.P. and a Church Window")

an offender can be made to pay damages, and magistrates also have the power to order him to have the dog kept under control, or, alternatively, to have it destroyed as "dangerous."—*ED.*

NEWS SHEET FOR CHINESE

SIR,—In the Correspondence in your issue of June 5—"News Sheet for Chinese"—Metro's idea that Chinese is read from the bottom right-hand corner, and from right to left upwards, is erroneous. Certainly it is read from right to left, but it is from the top downwards. Captions or headlines are sometimes printed horizontally (right to left) over vertical columns of text.—*B. G. TOURS, Holmer Park, Hereford.*

DRUMMING OF WOODPECKERS

SIR,—Many people seem to find it difficult to believe that woodpeckers can make so penetrating a sound as drumming by action of their beaks on wood. But in fact they can by hitting a tree with their beak make a much louder sound than that of drumming. While I was photographing Lesser Spotted woodpeckers some years ago, the hen lost her temper for the first two or three days at the noises of photography and showed it by first hitting the tree a single resounding smack and then running up the tree, drumming at intervals, and once at the top she drummed

She stands on tip-toe to reach the night-bell in the house wall outside the closed iron gates, her gas-mask slung over her shoulder. A friendly air-raid warden, completely equipped with tin-hat and respirator, helps her with a light from his torch. Note also the sandbagged wall on the right; while the whole proceedings are watched with some interest by a lean Hackney cat from the shadows.

The window was the work of Mr. M. E. A. Robe.—*METRO, Pinner, Middlesex.*

DAUGHTERS OF THE LAND

SIR,—The lucky farmer who owns this Derbyshire hay-field has no need to worry about shortage of labour, for he has four capable daughters who do the entire work of the farm. Here are two of them working in the hay-field—and the dog, who earns his keep as rabbit catcher-in-chief.—*NOEL CHANTER, Chorley Wood, Hertfordshire.*

A LETTER FROM CANADA

SIR,—Ten years ago I first became acquainted with *COUNTRY LIFE*, and I am writing to tell you how much I enjoy this publication. I treasure every copy that I receive and store it carefully away, as I re-read them many times. It is the finest magazine of its kind that I have ever seen.

Perhaps you would be interested in a building connected with the early history of Canada, Dundurn Castle at Hamilton, Ontario, shown on



DUNDURN CASTLE IN ONTARIO, NOW A MUSEUM

(See letter "A Letter from Canada")

the photograph enclosed. Although Dundurn is not old when compared with the age of English buildings, it is considered old in this new country.

It was built by a Scotsman, Sir Alan Macnab, who settled at Hamilton a little more than 100 years ago, and was a copy of his old home in Perthshire, Scotland.

It is beautifully situated on a height of land above Burlington Bay, Hamilton's land-locked harbour. Unfortunately, the demands of a modern industrial city have placed a railroad beneath the height of land along the shore of the bay. This, of course, lessens the beauty of the grounds.

After the death of Sir Alan, his home became a museum, and the surrounding grounds a public park. In one corner of the park there still remain sections of stone ramparts pierced by loopholes. These were built as fortifications during the war of 1812-14.

The hall of the castle, floored with tiles, has a lovely curved staircase leading to the upper hall, with the ballroom door opening at the top of the stairs. This room now contains relics of the war of 1812-14, and of the first world war 1914-18.

The carriage buildings and stables behind the castle now house a collection of animals and birds which are of interest to child visitors.

When I visited Dundurn recently, three war guests, an English mother and two children, were looking through the house. The little girl turned to her mother and said: "It's like England, isn't it?" I was glad that this little visitor had found a corner of Canada reminding her of her home across the sea.

The maple syrup season has just ended in Canada. I have been wondering if the sugar maple tree will thrive in the British Isles, and if there are any

of these fine trees planted there?—*CLARA PENNINGTON, Otterville, Ontario.*

[The Sugar maple (*Acer saccharum*), although introduced to this country over two centuries ago, has never thriven here. There are a few notable specimens scattered about various gardens such as Dropmore, Tortworth, Arley Castle, etc., but, generally speaking, the species for some curious reason is more or less of a failure.—*ED.*]

A CERTIFICATE OF BURIAL IN WOOLLEN

SIR,—In the vestry of Prescot Parish Church there is to be seen a most interesting document. It is a "Certificate of Burial in Woollen," and dates from the year 1682. The text reads as follows:

Will Lyon of the Parish of Prescot in the County of Lancaster, maketh oath that Richard Lyon of the Parish of Prescot in the county of Lancaster, lately deceased, was not put in, wound, or wrapt up, or buried in any shirt, shift, sheet, shroud, or anything whatsoever made or mingled with Flax, Hemp, Silk, Hair, Gold, or Silver, or other than what is made of sheeps'-wool only. Dated the 14th day of June, in the 34th year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord Charles the Second, by the Grace of God of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, Anno Dom. 1682.

Sealed and Subscribed by us who were present and witnesses to the swearing of the abovesaid affidavit.

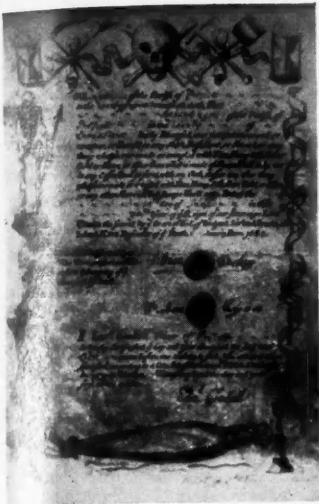
ADRIAN TUCKER.
PETER LYON.

I, Edward Goodall, Vicar of Prescott, do hereby certify that the day and year abovesaid, the said Will Lion came before me, and made such Affidavit as is above specified,



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTERS

(See letter "Daughters of the Land")



A CERTIFICATE OF BURIAL IN WOOLLEN, 1682

(See letter "A Certificate of Burial in Woollen")

According to a late Act of Parliament Instituted, and Act for burying in Woollen.

Witness my hand the day and year just above written.

EDWD GOODALL.

Buried at St. Ellens and Parish dues 10d. to me.

The text is bordered by a design in ink which includes a skull, hour-glasses, a scythe and arrow, and a pick and spade crossed, a coffin decorated with an enormous bow; a skeleton holding a spear; and at the bottom a very woe-begone corpse, neatly wrapped up in a shroud of—it is to be presumed—"sheep's-wool" only!

The history of this document, which is thought to be unique, is as follows:

In the year 1666, an Act of Parliament was passed with the purpose of improving the condition of the wool trade, which was suffering severely from foreign competition. The Act, however, did not succeed in its object, and in consequence a new statute—referred to by the Vicar in his footnote—became law in 1678.

The preamble to this runs as follows:

Whereas an Act made in the eighteenth year of His Majesty's Reign that now is, instituted an

Act for Burying in Woollen only, was intended for the lessening the Importation of Linen from beyond the Seas, and the Encouragement of the Woollen and Paper manufacturers of this Kingdom, had the same been observed; but in respect there was not sufficient remedy thereby given for the Discovery and Prosecution of offences against the said Law, the same hath hitherto not had the effect thereby intended.

This new Act made it necessary for ministers to keep a record of all persons buried in accordance with the Act. In addition, a relative of the deceased person had to swear an affidavit within eight days of the burial, "to the effect that the corpse had been legally attired," and the Act had to be read after divine service on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24) for six years. Only those who died of plague were exempt from the regulations, a fine of £5 being imposed for failure to comply.

In the year 1680 a further development took place. Another Act was passed which authorised "Parsons, Vicars and Curates" to administer the affidavit in places where no magistrate resided; with the proviso that such clergy were not of the "Parish or Chapel of Ease where the Party is interred."

In the case of the certificate found at Prescott, the Vicar administered the affidavit because the burial took place within the parish boundary, but not actually at the Parish Church. The

lowlands, takes a heavy toll of lambs during the breeding season. It will kill wantonly, and leave the carcass for the ravens.

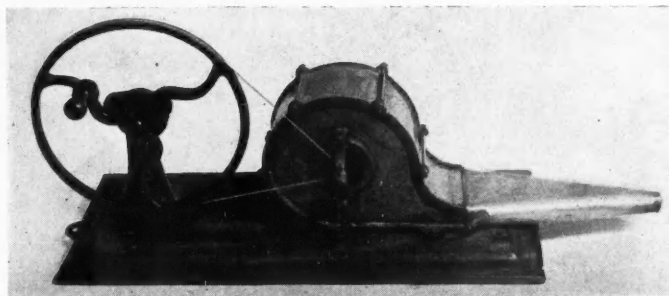
As the photograph will make clear, it is not easy task to track down the "gangster." The actual earth is situated at a considerable depth beneath the massive boulders. To reach it, the local farmers make use of a slender type of terrier: a breed which makes up for its diminutive size by possessing the courage of a lion. These tiny dogs are prepared to give instant battle when confronted by a vixen at bay with her cubs, and will fight to the death in an endeavour to drive her out within range of the waiting guns.

The figure silhouetted against the skyline is Mr. Owen Jones Williams, who, although well past his seventieth birthday, is a crack shot. He is an expert on the Welsh mountain fox, and has broadcast on the creature's habits. —LANCASTRIAN.

[Although lowland foxes do not usually indulge in lamb-slaying, mountain foxes are prone to the crime, a consequence no doubt of living on the barren hill-tops where food is hard to find, and in consequence the farmers are driven to take vengeance.—Ed.]

A FIRE-LIGHTING DEVICE

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows a fire blower or wheel bellows which



LATE EIGHTEENTH- OR EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY FIRE BLOWER OR WHEEL BELLOWS

(See letter "A Fire-Lighting Device")

chapel referred to — St. Ellens is, of course, to-day St. Helens — had been a chapel-of-ease at Prescott. At the time under consideration, however, it was used by dissenters, remaining in nonconformist hands until 1710. It was therefore legal for the Vicar "to administer the affidavit."

The two Acts referred to above (1666 and 1678) were repealed in 1814. The final note on the document is also worthy of attention, as it indicates that the Rev. Mr. Goodall had no intention of forgetting his fees!

The name "Lyon" is misspelt "Lion" by the Vicar on the original document. — J. R. ELLISON (Rev.), Eccleston Park, Prescott.

MOUNTAIN FOXES

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the accompanying photograph of part of a Welsh mountain fox's den. It is situated at the summit of Elider Fawr; and in the distance, beyond Llanberis Pass, can be seen the lower slopes of Snowdon.

The mountain fox, which is somewhat larger than its relative of the

is believed to date from the latter part of the eighteenth century or the early nineteenth.

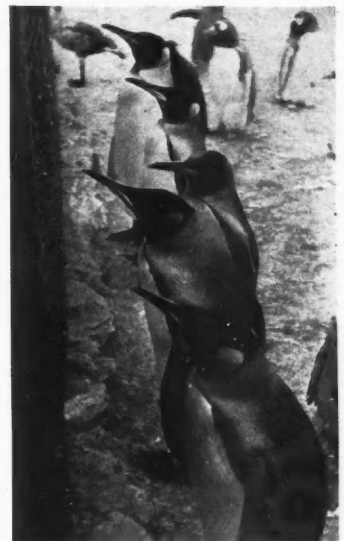
It consists of a rotary blower which is driven by turning the handwheel, the brass nozzle being applied to the fire.

The only other example of such a device that I know is in the Museum and Art Gallery, Cheltenham. It would be interesting if any reader could say if such blowers were used to any extent, and when and where they were made. —S. F. PHILPOTT, Erdington, Birmingham.

IN THE EDINBURGH ZOO

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which I took some months ago at the Edinburgh Zoological Gardens, of King penguins (*Aptenodytes pennanti*). The King penguin, distinguishable by the orange patches on the sides of the head and front of the neck, presents a very striking contrast with the other types of penguin in the pool.

On arriving at the pool, I heard these penguins uttering their usual discordant cries like the sound of uneven



PENGUIN PARADE

(See letter "In the Edinburgh Zoo")

sawing of wood; this performance continuing for at least half an hour, as they strutted backwards and forwards in their quaint swaying fashion. At intervals they would decide to investigate and go farther afield, then go round in circles, and come back to the wire fence to see what tit-bits would come their way from the amused spectators.

Much to the delight of the onlookers, a scuffle ensued between two penguins, and a third little fellow came strutting along, acted as an intermediary and succeeded in making amends! —A. COLLETT, Kent.

[Edinburgh Zoological Gardens have long been famous for their collection of penguins and their success with these birds, which seem to flourish exceptionally well in this northern zoo.—Ed.]

A UNIQUE PULPIT

SIR,—In the eighteenth-century St. Cuthbert's Church, Carlisle, I came across a pulpit which must be unique; it can be moved across to the centre of the church and then returned, as it runs on rails let into the floor. A handle in the vestry works a rope which draws it along. —J. DENTON ROBINSON, The Cottage, Langholm Crescent, Darlington.



A PULPIT ON RAILS: ST. CUTHBERT'S CHURCH, CARLISLE

(See letter "A Unique Pulpit")



THE DEN OF A MOUNTAIN FOX

(See letter "Mountain Foxes")

LANDSCAPE AND TOPOGRAPHY

ENGLISH art has traditionally excelled in landscape for 200 years, since Englishmen began to realise the unique pictorial potentialities of their country. In a sense it became a "folk art"—unconscious and traditional—practised by every landowner, farmer, and cottager who tacitly set the general appearance of his own plot of land as high as its fertility and productivity. Yet if it is true that there is scarcely a square mile of the country the appearance of which has not been artificially created, that is not to say that every mile has been "landscaped" by a gardener.

Rather, the normal processes of husbandry—enclosure, tillage, forestry, building—naturally developed in such a way that they tended to produce scenes in æsthetic harmony with current national taste in landscape. Large landowners did artificially landscape large areas, with the help of such practical artists as "Capability" Brown and Humphry Repton who took the traditional character of English scenery as their model, idealising its characteristics into lovely park lands surrounding many ancestral seats. But it is often difficult to determine which of the scenes we see to-day were thus consciously produced and which have just happened as a result of the spirit of that age.



TURNER'S SHOREHAM. FROM THE LATE MR. WALTER JONES'S COLLECTION.

When this harmonious process was at its height, at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, a school of landscape painters existed which not only comprised painters ranking among the greatest in Western art, but which served to clinch, for a century to come, the qualities of national landscape. As we go about the country, to this day we are continually confronted with scenes which move us because Constable, or Cotman, or Turner, or even Birket Foster, have taught us to appreciate their æsthetic quality.

The greater proportion of English landscape painting has been satisfied to record, more or less impersonally and in the convention of its period, the actual scenery of the country. But in each age there are outstanding personalities that present a fresh aspect, or identify a new quality, in the familiar scenes. The former category is sometimes called topographical art; the true landscape artist belongs to the latter.

London, at the present moment, is particularly well provided with material for the enjoyment of both aspects. At the National Gallery the second exhibition is being held of drawings executed under the scheme for recording the changing face of Britain by the Pilgrim Trust and the Committee on the Employment of Artists in War-time. It is fully up to the high standard set by the first, which was probably the most popular exhibition brought together for some time. It is essentially topographical,

and all the better for that, in that the bent of a large proportion of excellent and competent artists is towards representation of agreeable scenes rather than to the expression of some strong æsthetic bias.

The average good artist receives insufficient encouragement under modern conditions, whereas in the great age of landscape he might be employed for months on end as a topographer by some wealthy tourist or interested publisher. His survival is important, if only that he maintains the traditional conception of English landscape—not only in our minds but in the landscape itself. At the National Gallery, Mr. Martin Hardie, Mr. J. R. Badminton, and, in a more personal key, Mr. Kenneth Rowntree, represent this function of the landscape artist admirably. In the R.B.I. Exhibition less emphasis is laid on representation, and the visitor has a wider choice of personal interpretations. Mr. Hesketh Hubbard's is remarkable among them as being a contemporary reversion to "the picturesque" as the eighteenth century understood the term: compositions consisting of elements popularised by painters, and rendered in styles recalling noted practitioners. *Nomads* is surely a Laura Knight subject in the manner of Wouvermans, and

northern cities of Italy, gave him his most congenial subjects. In the decade after 1835 he revisited Venice, and returned again and again to the Lake of Lucerne, and it would be difficult to assess the number of his paintings of the town, its lake, and the Rigi.

Mr. Jones possessed both the famous aspects, the Blue and the Red Rigi. "Red" is too simple a term for the sunset-coloured and glowing bulk of the mountain seen in the evening light, with the light of the rising moon reflected in the lake. This was painted in 1842, and the sketch for it, made in 1841, is in the National Gallery. In the *Blue Rigi*, seen from the same point of view across the lake, the dominant note is blue, which clothes the mountain at sunrise and is carried in fine gradations through the composition. Though the sun is not yet visible, the presence of dawn is felt on the water, and on the mists. Like the *Red Rigi*, this was painted in 1842, and there are sketches for it in the National Gallery.

Also of this period is his *Mouth of the Grand Canal, Venice*, a harmony in blue and golden tones, which shows the Venetian palaces extending to the Doge's Palace at the end of the canal, and the tower of the Dogana and numerous gondolas on the left.

A little earlier in date is the *Shoreham* (an unspoilt Shoreham about 1830), which is a marvel of aerial perspective. The shipping at the mouth of the river is suffused with sunset light, but all the detail is painted with amazing delicacy. Shoreham Church is seen in the middle distance, and figures are seated on the high ground in the foreground.

The Lake of Lucerne, with Brunner in the distance, painted about 1840, is slighter than the two Rigis but extremely beautiful. It came from the collection of a Mrs. Pound, to whom Turner gave the drawing.

Two Italian scenes, *The Falls of Terni* and *Florence from Fiesole*, were painted about 1817 after a drawing by J. Hakewell. Both were in Ruskin's collection and were engraved for Hakewell's *Picturesque Tour in Italy*.

EARLIER WORK

Besides the paintings of the late, important, decade (1835-45), there are examples of Turner's earlier work. First in date is the *West Front of Peterborough Cathedral*, dated 1795, and also (as in the case of much of Turner's early work) signed. This is a youthful architectural study in a delicate tinted manner. Before Turner mastered the representation of trees and foliage he could record the structure and detail of a great building in a masterly manner. There is a very different approach in his *Ludlow* (painted about 1802), sombre in colour, showing the River Teme in the foreground and bridge in the centre, and the romantic mass of the castle and buildings on the left bank, contrasting with the sweep of the open fields and sky.

In 1817 Turner went for a three weeks' tour in the Rhine district of Germany and produced at least 50 drawings of fair size. To this group belongs two views of Mainz looking up the river towards the Bridge of Boats. These were both in the Farnley Hall collection. The point of view is the same; in one case there is a calm sunset effect, in the other the sky is dark with rain-clouds. In the foreground of both scenes are a hay-barge and two boats. The cloudy view of Mainz is chiefly painted in body colour on stained paper, and is illustrated in Turner's water-colours at Farnley Hall. The vaporous blue and yellow *Ehrenbreitstein*, another German scene, was painted about 1840.

In 1817 or 1818 Turner began the drawings to illustrate *Richmondshire*, which have the charm of his Yorkshire period. *Aysgarth Falls* (painted about 1818), with its steep-like falls with high banks on either side, was engraved for the *History of Richmondshire*, published in 1820. This, like other subjects in the *Richmondshire* series, is faded, probably from exposure to the engraver's; but all the other paintings in Mr. Jones's collection are in brilliant condition. They will be sold (after having been shown at Messrs. Agnew's) by Messrs. Christie to-day.

J. DE SERRE.

Arundel Panorama an essay in the manner of Koninck or Ruysdael. As decorative art these accomplished compositions are hard to beat.

At the other pole are Mr. Piper's drawings at Trafalgar Square, and his remarkable Windsor series upstairs in the War Artists' section, some of which were commissioned by H.M. the Queen. Here it is actual, architectural subjects that are portrayed, and with as keen a sense of decoration as, say, Mr. Hubbard reveals, but from a romantic, personal angle. They are to-day's comments on the ruins and monuments of the past, detached in that they make no attempt to suggest that their subjects are other than remote from contemporary values, but full of a poetic, nostalgic delight in achievements of other times. They do give us a possible new "slant" on familiar, even hackneyed, themes. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

WATER-COLOURS BY TURNER

The group of water-colours by Turner from the late Mr. Walter Jones's collection shows in the main the technique of his late period, when he experimented on light and colour. He appears as the discoverer of romantic territories and cities, the panorama of the Alps, and of Venice in all its aspects. "In order to carry out the full emotional riches of the colour, something more heroic was required than the familiar and on the whole unsensational landscape of this country," and the bastions of the Alps, the

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FARMING NOTES

WINTER COW, PIG AND POULTRY RATIONS

NO one can complain that ample warning was not given about the cut in feeding-stuff rations for next winter. Indeed, most of us are pleasantly surprised that the Government can afford such a generous allowance for the dairy cows. Lord Woolton, we know, has a soft place in his heart for milk. Beef production, mutton production, pigs and poultry, can disappear, but the expectant mothers and the children must have their milk. The war agricultural committees have been stirring dairy farmers to rough and grow more of the food for their cows in winter by telling them that they cannot count on any Government rations. Nothing that they are able to grow will come amiss, but they will, as it turns out, be allowed rations on milk sold in excess of $\frac{3}{4}$ gallon per cow per day. The great majority of farmers will find it easier to grow cereals for their cows than to provide protein, so the coupon issue will be adjusted to give protein on all sales in excess of $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon a day, and the cereal part will be correspondingly reduced. On this basis—coupons for gallons—most people who are doing the job properly should not find themselves in difficulty. I am glad to note too that committees can make discretionary allowances to the farmer who has grown wheat and other essential crops to an extent which leaves him short of cereals for his cows.

THERE is a nasty shock coming for some people who have established little herds of three or four cows solely for the purpose of supplying milk—and, it may be added, cream and butter—for their own households. Where no milk is sold but not more than two cows are kept for supplying the milk requirements of the household or the workers on the farm, an allowance of 28 lb. of protein per month will be granted; not per cow but for the two cows for the month. This assumes that the domestic cow-keeper is able to provide all the cereal part of the ration. He will get no coupons for that. I am not sorry to see this change. In the last war there was too much talk about country households, not all of them farmhouses, which never went short of any luxury in the dairy produce line. There are, of course, some farms where more than two cows are kept for supplying the legitimate needs of the farm household and the workers. In my own case three cows are now supplying milk for 32 persons. I can get rid of one and cut down the beneficiaries, the unfortunate ones going to the local produce-retailer for their milk and so drawing on the national supply to no one's advantage so far as I can judge. Alternatively, I can set up as a producer-retailer. This, like many farmers, I am reluctant to do. I have enough forms to contend with and monthly returns to the Milk Marketing Board for a fiddling quantity make the game not worth the candle.

PIGS and poultry take another knock for next winter. At present rations for pigs and poultry are allowed on the basis of one-sixth of pre-war numbers and an acreage deduction. The general farmer with a big acreage gets little. After September 1 the ration is to be cut to one-eighth and the deduction in respect of the acreage is also to be increased. So, apparently, the general farmer with a big acreage will get nothing from the national supply of feeding-stuffs. I doubt whether Lord Woolton will get many eggs. The better plan surely would be to allow feeding-stuffs on the basis of eggs sold through the Ministry of Food's packing stations, assuming that the Ministry wants to have some eggs to distribute next autumn and winter. The passion which Government administrators have for planning everything tidily so that no one gains at the expense of anyone else does not always work so happily in practice. Eggs will certainly be very short next winter. I believe the public would rather have an occasional fresh egg for

breakfast than all the extra milk Lord Woolton hopes to get produced.

THOSE who keep a couple of pigs at the bottom of the garden, or a dozen hens to eke out the rations they can get from the grocer, will also have to come into line with the cut in feeding-stuff rations allowed to the commercial producer. Several times lately when travelling to London I have heard passengers say: "Please be careful of that box: there are eggs in it." No doubt they are drawing rations through the Domestic Poultry Keepers' Council, and at this time of year they have many more eggs than they need, so their

friends are getting a share. If the commercial producer is to be cut to one-eighth of his pre-war feeding-stuffs some check will have to be put on the domestic poultry-keeper. There are, I believe, over a million of them and some keep hens by proxy. They are registered as poultry-keepers and send their feeding-stuffs coupons to someone else who keeps the hens and supplies them with eggs. The backyard pig-keeper must also expect a cut in his rations, and he may find that his privilege of killing two pigs a year for his own consumption is whittled down. One answer to these cuts in rations is of course, a greater use of kitchen waste from the towns and camps.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

COUNTRY SALES AND OFFERS

CROYDON HALL, and the estate extending to 547 acres, may come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Captain J. W. W. Bridges, the vendor, has ordered an auction subject to the possibility of a suitable private offer being received beforehand.

Experience in recent months has proved that in such circumstances it is the height of imprudence for would-be buyers to procrastinate. Why, indeed, should anyone who can afford to buy a property of that character risk its loss by waiting for the auction? It is even conceivable that, if an auction does take place, the price may be higher than that which would have been accepted when all the expense and trouble of public competition could be avoided.

No doubt in the case of this Exmoor freehold many of those best qualified to judge of the attractiveness of the district lack the means of acquiring it; otherwise what a flood of private proposals there would be. We have ventured to call it an "Exmoor freehold," though with commendable caution the agents allude to it as "between Exmoor and the Quantocks." Croydon Hill rises midway between Dunkery Beacon and Hurley Beacon, and the estate lies a few miles from the coast between Minehead and Watchet. There are three farms in addition to the home farm, all with nice houses, and a secondary residence, and nearly a score of cottages add to its value. The annual income from the property approximates to £1,500 a year, and the outgoings are low. A trout stream intersects the estate for three-quarters of a mile.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF EXMOOR

IF anyone would refresh his memory of the Somerset scene let him look at the pictures of the Hall and two of the farmhouses, in the advertisement pages of COUNTRY LIFE of June 19. If he would learn something of what Exmoor means he cannot do better than refer to the illustrated article on *The Reclamation of Exmoor* of February 15, 1930. Therein he will find how the 10,000 acres of "The King's Allotment" of Exmoor Forest were bought in 1818 by John Knight, a Worcestershire iron-master. He was a man of such ample resources that the usually trying operation of purchase by tender gave him no qualms. In the result it seems that his accepted offer of £50,000 was £20,000 above that made by Lord Fortescue, whose land adjoined the Forest. The then unenclosed waste was by Knight's expenditure converted to the fertile and beautiful tract that we know to-day.

MOORLAND MAGIC

A PECULIARITY of the people of the past of Exmoor and the Quantocks, a belief in magic, is referred to in Edward Hutton's *Somerset* (called "a very noble book" by Mr. Will Sherracombe, in his own *Devon: Exmoor*, wherein are many other instances). "In the vestry (Withycombe) is a brass to Joan Sandhill, who was born close by within this parish at Sandhill, a beautiful Elizabethan manor house dating certainly from 1588. She was a witch; at least so it was said, and she married three husbands, all of whom she murdered. She died in 1612 and was buried in Withycombe Church, but when her neighbours got back from the funeral they found her at home frying eggs and bacon."

Readers of Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* will remember, too, how Rose Salterne believed in mermaids and pixies' charms and witches, in which

most of the countrywomen, and countrymen too, believed firmly enough but 20 years ago. The resident agent of Croydon Hall is Mr. J. W. Butler, of the Estate Office, at Washford.

BRISK BIDDING FOR FARMS

WARWICKSHIRE contributes a notable item to the week's list of farm sales. At an auction in Birmingham, executors offered freeholds at Lapworth and Bushwood, about 12 miles from that city. Bushwood Hall Farm, 110 acres, Coppice Corner Farm, 121 acres, and adjoining land, in all within a few square yards of 300 acres, changed hands for £13,000. It should, however, be mentioned that this lot included 1,500 well-grown oak trees of first-rate quality, with 150 ash trees and some sycamores. Hill House and 58 acres, at Lapworth, went for £7,500, and a smaller area, suitable for eventual development, was also eagerly bid for.

Agents and local correspondents continue to report considerable transactions in agricultural land, in practically all parts of the country, and it is certainly noteworthy how large a proportion of the holdings is available for immediate possession. Lower Lightwood Green, a freehold of 174 acres, close to Crewe, has been sold for £11,650; Quarry Fruit Farm, just on 40 acres, at Liss, was sold by auction, at Petersfield, by Messrs. Woodcocks, for £4,250; over £18,000 was realised for farms in and near Southam, at a Warwick auction; and large sums were obtained for farms in the vicinity of Banbury and at Shifnal, in the latter case a holding of nearly 260 acres changing hands for £7,400.

Barbury Castle Farm, 592 acres, including part of the Roman stronghold on Barbury Down, about six miles from Swindon, has been sold for Captain J. W. W. Bridges, by auction, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Loveday and Loveday. Bidding began at £3,500, and proceeded by advances of £100 up to a final figure of £7,100, bid by Mr. Tom Sutton, of Swindon.

RESIDENTIAL SALES

FIVE Surrey residential freeholds, and others in Sussex, Hampshire and Somerset, are specified in a new list of transactions just carried out by Mr. Frank D. James, the professional head of Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices. An important property at Bray, near Maidenhead, was sold in conjunction with Mr. Cyril Jones, and another at Bradford-on-Tone, with the co-operation of Messrs. W. R. J. Greenslade and Co. The last-named agents, at an auction at Glastonbury, have just disposed of Holt Farm, 132 acres at West Pennard, for £4,600, the purchaser having the right to possession at once.

HIGH PRICES FOR FURNITURE

ANOTHER highly successful sale of furniture has been conducted by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, this time at the large house, Kenstead Hall, in Bishops' Avenue, near Kenwood, Hampstead Heath. The prices included the following, which exhibit the present fierce competition under the hammer (the sums mentioned are pounds, not the time-honoured guineas): a modern Savonnerie carpet, 500; a Persian silk carpet, 370; a Persian carpet, 185; a Kirman carpet, 145; a Sparta carpet, 100; a Steinway grand pianoforte, 205; a baby grand pianoforte, 100; a pair of modern gilt side-tables, 75; a pair of French elbow chairs covered in tapestry, 60; two easy chairs covered in modern tapestry, 104; a Knole three-piece suite, 160; and a pair of walnut and gilt armchairs, 108.

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NEW BOOKS

THE BLAME FOR THE WAR

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

JUST as it is possible not to see the wood for the trees, so it is possible not to hear the voice for the shriek. There is a lot of sense in that old Biblical episode of the still small apt to reach where thunders do not penetrate and to impress where a roar leaves the mind unmoved.

Such reflections are inevitable after a reading of Odette Keun's book *And Hell Followed* (Constable, 8s. 6d.). The publishers call it a "whirlwind of a book." Whirlwinds are not selective. They don't necessarily throw the wicked uncle into the sea and mercifully spare the innocent babes in the wood. Indeed, they are senseless.

So I would not call Mrs. Keun's book a whirlwind. There is a good deal of sense in it, but the author writes without restraint, as an angry fishwife talks. Like a fishwife, she is good at abuse. She showers it upon men, institutions, countries. Here are some samples.

"France, already gutless and cretinous, acted on the advice of drunkenly pacifist and pro-German Britain."

"Dishonest, vain, obstinate and uncreative Neville Chamberlain, the Gravedigger of Europe."

Georges Bonnet: "One of the slimiest snakes that ever slithered in and out of mucky French politics . . . as repulsive in appearance and character as those squirming blanché insects that live under stones in the dark . . . arch-Judas, forger and liar."

Spain: "Throughout its long and dreadful history this cataclysmic country, hag-ridden by feudal grandees, reactionary Catholic priests and a conservative army, had contributed to civilisation a boring classical literature, a highly over-rated architecture, oppressive paintings, particularly neurotic and diseased saints, an unsurpassable aptitude for bringing to decay or extinction whatever it administered, including itself, innumerable jacqueries, a lust for killing, torrents of ignorance, bigotry, cruelty, fury, intolerance, tyranny, misery, and a morbid pride—which did not prevent it, however, from having more beggars than any land except Egypt. Its national product was hate and its national sport torture. . . . The destiny of this fratricidal race seems to be to exterminate itself, and it should have been left to fulfil its fate. I can imagine no nation that the world would miss, or would ever have missed, less than the Spanish."

AS A MAN SOWS

Well, that's the whirlwind blowing big guns, though, as I have said, "whirlwind" is not my choice of a

word, for behind all the extravagance there is a residuum of reason; the sound and fury signify something.

They signify an intense and bitter disgust with humanity, and especially with humanity's leaders, during the period between 1918 and this present day. But though Mrs. Keun's castigations lash the leaders more severely than the led, she does not let the common people off. They are getting what they asked for. That is her theme. She believes profoundly in the old tragic conception of Nemesis. She believes that whatsoever a man soweth that—precisely that, and nothing else—shall he also reap.

And violent though the exposition is, I for one profoundly believe in the truth of the doctrine expounded.

Mrs. Keun believes that the war we are now engaged in was the most avoidable war in history, and that it was not avoided because the democracies were selfish, stupid, double-dealing with those they were pledged to help, and all this because material ease meant more to them than the arduous of righteousness. She does not concede that the peoples of the democracies were betrayed by their Governments. "No democratic people," she writes, "can be so betrayed—it shapes its own system and selects its own Governments. A democratic people can be betrayed only by itself."

BRITISH "CHARACTER"

She traces the course of this betrayal, issuing in war, and then the course of the war itself up to the "Battle of Britain," which was won "by the R.A.F. and the Nobodies." She has as much contempt for what she calls the "thick heads" of this "incomparably decent" people as for most other things under the sun; but she does succeed in handing us a bouquet. We have "character." She writes: "Literally, the resolute equanimity of the British preserved mankind from definite and perhaps permanent Nazification." The British earned "the immortal gratitude of humanity" not by power, natural genius or by positive achievements of arms; "but by that inner, mysterious and transcendent virtue of Character which in the last analysis invariably fashions and settles the destinies of men."

This point is made, too, in Miss Edith Sitwell's *English Women* (Collins, 4s. 6d.). The first words of the book are: "The distinguishing quality of the English is character, not intellect, and in cases of genius it is always character and rarely pure intellect that gives the genius its 'peculiar salt and savour of personal life,' to use a phrase of Swinburne's."

"Those of my readers, who knew the pre-war Petersburg, will remember the beautiful white house on the Kristovsky Island." Readers who knew, together with those who did not, will alike be interested to read what happened to those people who lived within that 'white house.' Ask your bookseller to show you a copy of 'RUSSIAN BOY.' This short autobiographical tale will charm you by its simplicity of style and originality of narrative.

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Mr. A. L. Rowse, who has just written the autobiography of his early years, *A Cornish Childhood* (Cape, 12s. 6d.), discusses the public school product *versus* the product of the day school, and thinks the latter is preferable because it has more independence than character. He seems to have not much use for that quality.

AUTHOR'S BEGINNINGS

What gives flavour to Mr. Rowse's book is the author's sense of his own individuality, importance and worth. He began in poverty. His own exertions took him to school and to Oxford. He is now a Fellow of All Souls, a poet, historian, essayist and Labour candidate. There is some reason for his opinion of himself, but he tends to overlook the exertions and contributions of others.

We hope, for example, that this present book will make a "distinctive contribution to our literature." For "numerous as have been the autobiographies of the past, almost all have come from the upper or middle class." This is not so. In quite recent years Mr. Frank Swinnerton and Mr. H. S. Wells have depicted beginnings that were not on velvet, and Mr. Noel Coward's tale of his early days is a tale of struggle as harsh in its way as Mr. Rowse's. And may I diffidently add that I have myself written what Sherlock Holmes would have called "a brief monograph" on a poor boy's upbringing.

When Mr. Rowse was at school, it was quickly accepted, he says, that he was "somebody different." He adds: "Certainly I can barely remember the time when I did not assume it myself." That is as it should be. Self-belief is an essential scaffolding when the structure of personality is in progress. But it should not stick out all over the place when the building is completed. It tends to do so rather annoyingly in this book.

It is a good book, all the same. The author reached boyhood in his Cornish village just as the last war drew to its close. The generation to which his parents belonged was "I daresay the last generation in which the fulness of old Cornish customs and ways was maintained."

He gives us echoes of those older days, and a full account of the comedies and tragedies of village life in his own time; and through it all we see the boy himself, not strong in body but resolute in will and rebellious in spirit, pursuing inflexibly the way of his destiny.

CHARLES DE GAULLE

Mr. Philippe Barres, a French journalist who is a son of Maurice Barres the novelist, has written the life of *Charles de Gaulle* (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), a tragic story of might-have-beens.

De Gaulle, three times wounded in the last war, a prisoner in Germany from 1916 onwards, became, in face of indifference and opposition, the great advocate of mechanisation in the French Army. Most of us have heard of the books he wrote on this subject, and here you will find extensive quotations from them.

It is no wonder that M. Barres, who was in Berlin soon after the Nazis came into power, found Ribbentrop and the high officers of the German command fully acquainted with the technique which de Gaulle advocated. For as we read these extracts from his books, it becomes clear that when the Nazis overran France they

employed, down to the smallest details, the methods which de Gaulle had offered his own countrymen for their salvation.

De Gaulle believed that the salvation of the League of Nations could be secured by its adoption of an army based on his methods; and a comment on this is a phrase in Mrs. Keun's book: "The League was ineffective because it was not an instrument for making war."

However, de Gaulle got nowhere with his plans in France. They were dismissed as "nothing but mental gymnastics" or "as downright villainous" because they were sceptical of the value of lines like Maginot's. Well, now we know.

PERIOD PIECE

Dover Harbour (Collins, 10s. 6d.) is a long, romantic novel by Thomas Armstrong, who wrote *The Crowthers of Bankdam*. A feud between two grown-ups, complicated by love-affairs among the younger generation, is a theme as old as Montagus and Capulets, and no doubt older, both in theory and practice.

The feud in Mr. Armstrong's book is between the shipowner John Fagg, who wanted to improve Dover Harbour, and the banker Henry Rochefort, who wanted to develop "real estate" on the silted-up lands.

The time is the threatened Napoleonic invasion of England, so that the story is carried forward through an accompaniment of martial alarms, and, as though these were not enough, there are some good pieces of "high-light" writing concerning smuggling and rough days at sea. The weather, indeed, plays a great part in the book. It is crowded with men, women, and children, all rather superficially seen, but presented in constant motion, so that if there is hardly a deep page in the book there is certainly never a dull one.

YOUTH AND WAR POETRY

IN *Eight Oxford Poets* (Routledge, 2s. 6d.), some undergraduate friends, already scattered by the war, present their literary first-fruits. There is a sense, tragic because not native to youth, of haste, impermanence and futility hovering, like the shadow of death itself, over their efforts. They are all at times incomprehensible, although never as deliberately so as some of their immediate predecessors because they have in common the saving grace of sincerity. Sidney Keyes is perhaps the most accomplished of the eight, with his *Greenwich Observatory*, his *Elegy* in which he is not ashamed to show that he can feel, and his courage in writing a "Buzzard" poem that does not derive from one already famous. J. A. Shaw strikes out sparks not to be missed, such as:

And the anguish of growing
Ruins the unfit.

Michael Meyer has a fine young irony and, in *Walk to Departure* a grand simile about light from a wood and a horse's bridle. Of the eight, it is John Heath-Stubbs who oftenest manages to express the communal feeling:

But ours is foam-flesh and flung
spume
Where idiot cross-tides twist and
jostle . . .

The other four, each with merits of his own, are Keith Douglas, Gordon Swaine, Roy Porter and Drummond Allison.
V. H. F.

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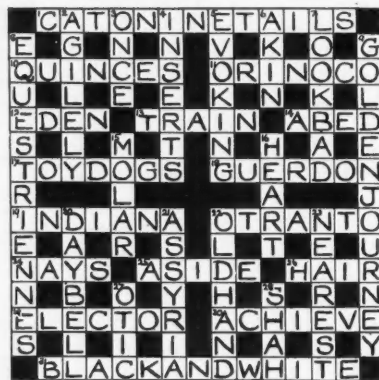
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"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD

No. 649

SOLUTION to No. 648

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of June 26, will be announced next week.



A prize of two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 649, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, July 9, 1942.

The winner of Crossword No. 647 is

Mr. Basil Woodhouse,
18, St. Christopher's Place, London, W.1.

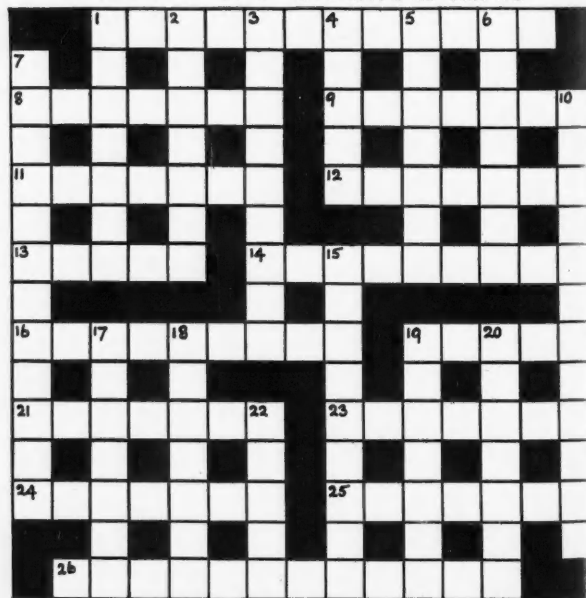
ACROSS

1. What the angler had to do when he was kept in school? (two words, 7, 5)
8. Deserted in a dude (7)
9. Die, though the doctor comes in at the end (7)
11. One's conduct either is or is not (7)
12. Where time passes as a shadow (7)
13. I am somewhat involved with the Herr! (5)
14. Not necessarily the act of a peer (two words, 5, 4)
16. Woodmen (9)
19. The archbishop after a hundred sound as a bell! (5)
21. Real tin? Dependable, at least (7)
23. Monarch of the Glen (two words, 3, 4)
24. He pays the piper (7)
25. Poem by Crabbe (7)
26. The song announces its collapse, but it still spans Thames (two words, 6, 6)

DOWN

1. Proverbial but ineffective instrument for knocking one down (7)
2. Is raced? Well, it's attached to the motor-cycle, anyway! (two words, 4, 3)
3. Mere laziness (9)
4. Call for respirators (5)
5. It may smell sweet, or simply enrage you (7)
6. Epithet for the Scarlet Pimpernel (7)
7. The Glorious date (three words, 4, 3, 5)
10. Though its head is bovine, the whole thing's just the British race in canine form (two words, 7, 5)
15. He puts his own vehicle at the disposal of the doctor who comes from a place in Buckinghamshire (two words, 3, 6)
17. "Ever oil" (anagr.) (7)
18. Edward has evidently hitched his wagon to the right celestial body (7)
19. Fussed with, and quite fishy at the start (7)
20. Declare how old one is? Not really! (7)
22. Italian city (5)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 649



Name.....

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Shopping bag made from one of the plaid straw cartwheels we used to wear in the south of France. Hogskin gloves stitched with black. Debenham and Freebody.

PHOTOGRAPHS
DENES



The Gloves WITH THE BAG



No more zips, so brown canvas bags are strapped with pigskin like a school satchel: Revelation. Gloves from Debenham & Freebody, washable buff-coloured English doeskin.

THE first week in July usually means sale bargains in all the London shops and big stores. This year, shortage of stocks makes any kind of large sale impossible, but the shops have reserved certain lines for this month which they are releasing and pricing in a kind light. All of these clothes were made before the new regulations came into force and have pleats, pockets and trimmings that are unrepeatable.

At Harvey Nichols's, in the Sportswear Department, is their great success of the summer, a rayon dress that is made of bands of two colours. Sometimes it is a plain colour, a slub weave, the gathered skirt entirely of four or five horizontal bands, the bodice and short sleeves of more. This is dramatic in lime green and red, charming in grey and pink. In spot it comes in baby blue and baby pink dotted in white, and in various other combinations of pastels. This frock costs 7½ guineas in the spotted material and 8½ guineas in the plain, and is becoming to most people, as the horizontal bands are graded and do not make one look big. A rayon linen at Harvey Nichols's in baby blue has an open neckline and buttons down the front, so that it is easily laundered. A splendid bargain is a cotton house-coat for 30s. This has a tight peasant bodice bound with a bright colour, a full skirt, is white sprigged with gaily coloured flowers. It is ankle length; could very easily be turned into a cotton frock by chopping off a piece. Another special July feature is a whole batch of spot rayon georgette blouses, with ruffled round collars

and jabots. There are navy, brown, black ones dotted with white and a very pretty one, crimson dots on grey. The blouses sell for 39s. 6d. and are fresh and young-looking with a plain suit or a pinafore frock.

The two and three colour theme, or the combination of two or three prints, runs all through the frocks that have appeared on the new quota for mid-summer. There are cotton dresses with plain dark or white tops and flowered chintz peasant skirts. There are dotted or embroidered tops, gay as possible, with plain, dark skirts. There are cottons with skirts in many bands of different bright-coloured horizontal stripes which make them look like a patchwork quilt. Check or chintz pinafore dresses have vivid plain-coloured muslin or cotton blouses. These are thrifty fashions, giving many excellent ideas for renovations, as two or three dresses that are worn in parts can be amalgamated and made into one by a clever adapter, or pieces from the scrap bag used up for a frock. To top these cotton frocks are large-brimmed chip straws, some with rolling turn-up brims, some with flat, others like mushrooms. Newest of all, perhaps, are the multi-coloured chip straws that look like confetti. They are immensely smart with a cotton frock that has a plain, full dark skirt and a brightly dotted or flowered top.

ANOTHER house that has amassed special tit-bits for customers who used to look forward to the July sale is Margaret

Marks. Fresh-looking navy and white dotted crêpe dresses and boleros have the second colour introduced on the shoulder yoke and belt, where the same dot is used only in scarlet and white. The bolero takes three coupons over and above the seven for the dress, but is worth it as it gives a very good line. There is a double-breasted effect to the dress which you will never get again, and a whole series of these dresses, which cost 7 guineas apiece. Miss Marks also has a group of model dresses, all in styles that cannot be repeated, selling at 9 guineas during this month. They are short-skirted, most of them dinner dresses, or dresses suitable for weddings. One, azure blue georgette, has an apron front and a yoke with a "V" opening edged with fragile lace in the same blue. There are several black laces with full ballet skirts, calf length, and transparent tops. One is *ciré* lace, another black Chantilly with a black velvet girdle. A buff crêpe has a kilted skirt banded with scarlet and navy above the hem. Then there are ankle-length dinner dresses, marvellous value for seven coupons, selling for 8 guineas; a whole lot of tweed coats with double-breasted frocks and swing skirts, the last of their race, 8 guineas, too; and some charming dusty pink and cherry-coloured tweed costumes for 7½ guineas. Widish-brimmed straws with roll-under brims, giving a gutter effect, cost a guinea. Most of the "never again" dresses are singles. There are plenty of straws and plenty of the spotted crêpes.



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There are bargains at Gorrings, too; girls' school coats from 59s. 6d. to 69s. 6d. according to size; cotton overalls that are a marvellous coupon proposition — they take only four until the end of December, provided they cost under 9s.

Gorrings have two selling at 8s., one floral, the other with an all-over pattern of minute, brightly coloured flowers banded into narrow stripes. The wise, looking ahead, will also consider pyjamas in Viyella and Clydella, the first at 28s. 11d., the Clydellas 23s. 7d., plain materials, good colours. Singleton fur coats are special prizes. There is a seal musquash for 89 guineas, a moiré lamb at 27½ guineas, a black pony-skin for 49 guineas, all hard wearing and tailored as plainly and smartly as a Harris tweed. Indian mackintoshes in the Gorrings July weeks of special features are parchment-coloured, cost 2 guineas, and are practical shapes with storm collars, big wrap-overs in front and sleeves that button over in the worst weather.

It will be odd without Harrods sale, but shortage of merchandise makes it impossible. Compensations are offered. There are two-coloured oiled cotton mackintoshes with hoods and yokes in a colour like clotted cream, the rest of the mackintosh being cherry red, dark green, navy or coffee brown. The material is as transparent as oil-silk, now extinct, and is extremely tough and light. Because it is cotton, too, it is very reasonably priced at 59s. 6d. There are still quite a few cotton dresses for 25s., striped zephyrs with swing skirts and the stripes meeting in a chevron effect in front, check and plaid gingham and flowered dirndls. All the stores have fine pure wool jersey frocks for cool summer days, mostly with short sleeves and tailored like a shirt. Here, as among the suits, the greys are the winning colours.

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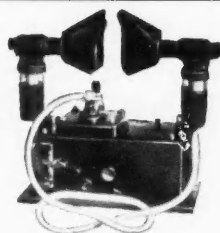
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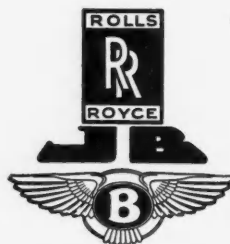
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Indian Tonic Water

BLENDS WITH ANY FINE GIN IN
A SUBTLE MELLOW HARMONY

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